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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mlle. de Bressier a Tame and Uninteresting Recital—Scenes Constructed for the Back Parlor and Acted by Mrs. Potter Accordingly—Her Mildness of Deportment and Cultured Suppression of Emotion—An Impertinent Phenomenon in Stage Art—Textile Triumph and Waxworks—Robert Louis Stevenson and the Drama of the Drug—His Dime Museum Theory as Applied to Fiction and the Stage.

Mrs. Potter was shrewd enough to select a play for her professional debut which did not call for any acting. Mlle. de Bressier is about as tame and uninteresting a recital as I ever sat out. Its story is in what the furniture men call weekly instalments, and when one instalment is on the other is off. It shows Mlle. de Bressier in love with a sculptor, but waits for the third act to do it. The first and second acts are prologues. The second and third alone deal with the interest involved, and they deal with it so innocuously and genteely that people yawned.

Mrs. Potter has one or two slight scenes that call for the expression of emotion. They appear to have been constructed according to a book of etiquette, and they were acted as if the personages were in a back parlor. The whole purport of the action is to show that Mlle. de Bressier loves the sculptor, but dare not marry him, because she is pledged to her cousin, whom she does not love. The crisis of this little trouble is shown in the studio, when the sculptor tells her his passion while modelling her head in clay. The sculptor is Mr. Kyle Bellew. He scrapes a piece off his love's ear and says that he can't live without her. He gouges her eye and remarks that she is his ideal. She gets up unperurbed, and they face each other over a chair and a lounge. She says she will tell him something if he will promise to stay on the other side of the chair and lounge. He promises. Then across this barricade she says: "I love you, but for heaven's sake stand still." They look at each other a moment to give the audience an opportunity to grasp the soul-wrench of it. Then the cousin comes in and takes his affianced away, and the sculptor, in a fit of imbecile despair, gouges out the clay nose of his model.

Judged from the high platform of the back parlor, where chairs and lounges are important factors, this is no doubt a proper and thrilling episode. Judged from the dramatic stage it is destitute of everything except behavior.

Mrs. Potter sidled through it with all her stock of talent on exhibition. Most of it was on her back. Some of it was in her dainty face, and a little of it shone in her beautiful bronze hair. She, however, did not succeed for a moment in diverting attention from Mrs. Potter to Mlle. de Bressier. Her ladylike mildness of deportment, her beamy freshness of appearance, her cultured suppression of emotion, and her high-toned contempt for dramatic expression generally, gave her a most unique superiority to the established vulgarities of all demonstrable art. Her pretty face expressed nothing but Mrs. Potter. It had no shades of anguish except the permanent one of black paint round her eyes. It had no lights of love except when she rolled the whites of her pretty eyes up like a sucking dove. It had no other scorn than that inhering in a well-bred nose, held a little high and monotonously. Her voice is a rich, low instrument without a player. Its tones are round and pleasant and distinct, but they carry no tune. In all her long speeches she was the genteel lady reciting for a general coterie of friends, with three or four set gestures and one key. There was no freedom of impulse, no spontaneity of action. The harness of the elocutionist lay heavy on the beauty, and stuck out hard and severe through all her trappings.

In brief, then, Mrs. Potter did not exhibit any natural or excusing function for the work she has undertaken, other than prettiness and artificial propriety of demeanor. Hers, judged from the lame showing of Monday night, is the superabundant mediocrity that every young lady of society parades, and which without extraneous bolstering from society cannot hold its place on the stage over night. That it has and will continue in extraordinary cases to hold the place that does not belong to it, constitutes an impertinent phenomenon in stage art that curiosity winks at and art laments.

The injustice of popular indulgence falls upon the profession. We have here a lady, presumably estimable and unquestionably as a lady very admirable, who asks us to crown her with the bays of artistic triumph on account of her ladyship. This is a divine audacity that strikes one's discrimination blind.

It would be cruel to measure me by approved standards, says the lady.

Why?

Because I am a lady.

It would be unjust to bring the vulgar tests of ability to my case?

Why?

Because it may interfere with the illusion by which I expect to make a great deal of money.

If dramatic art was ever slapped in the face with a double blow of dimpled hands, it was here.

But the chivalrous kindness of American

if we adhere to the facts. That it was deeply interested in the lady and bored by the play, everybody must know who was there. Once, when she sat down and posed herself in the artist's chair, the visual charm of a photographic picture raised a round of applause. It was as if the genteel assembly had inadvertently declared: "Now you are at home. Sit there with the folds of your dress disposed so, and your limbs so, and your divine nose up so, and your angelic eyes turned just so; head back, arm resting thus—look at this spot, please—there you are, ready—let her go!"

Textile triumph—waxworks, by jove! Tumultuous applause!

Chorus of managers: "She'll make half a million in one season!"

A column article in last Sunday's *Sun* on Robert Louis Stevenson and his critics calls for a few remarks. The *Sun* says: "The opin-

As I am the writer who christened this play of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, together with a number of its pharmaceutical congeners, "The Drama of the Drug," and as I distinctly said in this paper elsewhere that the author of the story had undertaken to explore the psychological possibilities of science, it must be me who has suggested the braying of asses.

I do not accept the probability that I meant to say the book is ugly and the allegory not just enough to the modesty of facts; for I did not mean to say anything of the kind. As a rule I know what I mean to say, and as a rule I do not say it in any such clumsy and vague way as that.

I deliberately meant to say, and did say—and I deliberately say it over again—that the stage version of Mr. Stevenson's story is unnatural and entirely unsympathetic. In fact, now that the subject has come up again, I may

in the organization, remodel the frame and transform the personality.

But it suited Mr. Stevenson to assume that there was, and his assumption was allowable in art if he only knew how to handle it. His art of treatment took us back to the Dark Ages, when love philters and elixirs of life were a common product, and when men and women gaped in wonder or shrank in horror at the spells and incantations of a black magic. His theorem antedated science and his sequences antiquated art. I have no patience with the shallow writers who pretended to discover great moral truths and beneficent lessons in this ghastly and purposeless mess of horrors and impossibilities. Mr. Mansfield, who invited interviews on the subject, told some of the reporters that there was a sublime and beautiful moral substratum to the work. But Mr. Mansfield, who had invested in the goods for retail, quite naturally wanted to crack them up. The idea of Dick Mansfield searching for moral substrata, or knowing them when he found them, strikes me, even as late as this, with merriment.

There was only one scene in the drama that by any possibility approached the morally aesthetic or the aesthetically sweet and beautiful, and that was where a ghoul with no other than a ghoul's purpose enters a house with his ravening eyes fixed upon a beautiful girl, and not only declares with insane passion that he wants her, but proceeds with violence to take her, and when her father interferes to protect her, he jumps upon him with hellish glee and strangles him then and there on his own carpet.

It must have been just here that Mr. Mansfield's fine sense of the moral possibilities of the stuff were focussed. It was quite like a Sunday-school exhibition to me. But as there are always morbid men and women who thrill with a sense of pleasure at purposeless exhibitions of animal lust and violence, and mistake them for art and drama, so Mr. Mansfield always had his seats full, and argued from that fact that his satyr's mess was kindly adapted to the human heart. I never saw a dead horse in the highway that wasn't similarly adapted to the human heart of as many small boys as could get round it and reflect.

Of course, after seeing and appreciating the refining influence of this scene, I used to go out into the world and induce innocent girls and young mothers to go and watch it and grow wiser and better under it.

Mr. Stevenson may hold to the notion that whatever is innately and incorrigibly hideous is a proper subject for exhibition. It is a dime museum theory, and I do not purpose to discuss it with him. But I can and will discuss his psychology whenever he invites it, for I hold it to be diametrically opposed to what we know of the human entity. Moreover, I object to his science—and when I say science I mean the physical possibilities of drugs. It is true we have not exhausted the occult power of Nature's forces that are locked up in plant and mineral, and Mr. Stevenson's jump to the drug that will enable a man to change the determining attributes of his identity is clearly in the direction of an attempt to explore the psychological possibilities of science with no other warrant than a distempered imagination, and, so far as the play goes, with no other purpose than to afford Mr. Mansfield an opportunity to convulse the human soul with a quick change.

NYM CRINKLE.

Manager Bunnell's Solidity.

"Glory in the highest to the Hyperion," is now the motto of the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven," exclaimed Manager George B. Bunnell to a *MIRROR* reporter down at Taylor's Exchange the other day. "The Hyperion is now on a solid footing. I never doubted its success. I want people to know the truth. I rarely give figures, but these will be vouched for by my own books and those of the visiting companies. In three performances *Adonis* reached nearly \$3,000. In three evenings and an afternoon Foster's Boston Ideals drew \$3,600. The big minstrels drew immense houses. Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan return in December. The James O'Neill and James Wainwright companies had very successful engagements.

"The outlook is for a very brilliant season. A few big engagements yet to come are the National Opera company, McCaull's Opera Comique company, Mme. Gerster, The Great Pink Pearl, Held by the Enemy, etc. In spite of sneers the museum manager has proved that he can run a first-class theatre."



EMMA ABBOTT.

audiences is never disturbed by considerations of exact justice when a pretty woman is involved. They may yawn as they did on Monday night, but they will wake up to applaud. They may be bored, but they stand shoulder to shoulder in a phalanx of delicious condolence.

So far as my judgment is unimpaired in these matters, it saw nothing in Mrs. Potter's attempt to act which any girl of moderate intelligence might not have done—minus Mrs. Potter's individuality. That she at any instant of her task rose above the behavior of the genteel young woman of society, with a special gift that would excuse her appeal to art methods and art criticisms, I do not believe any sound judgment, disciplined in an experience of histrionism, will for a moment claim. That her exceptionally genteel audience was for one moment moved by her spirit or purpose or earnestness, cannot be said

ions of a famous author about his own books are always eagerly sought. Such opinions of a genius have a high value stamped on them by his success. In reply to a request for his views on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and of the parts the dual hero is made to play in the drama of the drugs, as displeased critics have called the stage version of that story, Mr. Stevenson has expressed some of them in writing. He has learned of the critical estimate in some quarters that "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is an "unnatural and entirely unsympathetic story," and that the author undertook to explore the psychological possibilities of science. And he has this to say of it:

"Such criticisms cannot fail to be suggestive of the braving of asses."

"But the writers meant, probably, this quite different and true enough statement: 'The book is ugly, and the allegory not just enough to the modesty of facts.'"

add that it is demonstrably inartistic, illogical and repulsive, not only to the critical taste, but to the sensibilities of nine-tenths of the people who go to see it and sit it out very much as they would sit out a post-mortem or climb over a fence to see a hanging.

The stage work—and it is the stage work that elicited the criticisms quoted by the *Sun*—is inartistic, because it aims at the lowest and cheapest kind of sensationalism, which is the producing of a thrill of horror with no other object than the thrill. It is illogical, because it postulates a physical cause in the drug for a psychologic impossibility. The physical cause does not exist, and the psychic result is unthinkable. It is unphilosophic, because it assumes two identities for one unit, and makes them subject to one will.

It is unscientific, because even the pharmacopoeia of the mystics and thaumaturgists has no drug which can produce a lightning change

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Mlle. de Bressier.
 Pierre Rosny.....Lidia Allen
 Jacques Rosny.....Kylie Bell
 Doctor Grandier.....J. F. Hagan
 Capitaine Maubert.....Fred W. Sidney
 M. rias.....Kenneth Lee
 Henri de Guessaint.....Hart Conway
 Georges.....F. B. Conway
 Etienne.....Sydney Drew
 Madame Rosny.....Minnie Monk
 Nellie.....Maida Craig
 Aurelie.....Genevieve Lottin
 Faustine de Bressier.....Mrs. Potter

Mrs. Potter's professional debut in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night assembled a remarkable audience. Her acting was viewed closely, and while it seemed to satisfy the expectations of her society friends, who were present in numbers, it failed to arouse the approval of the thoughtful and critical.

Mrs. Potter challenged attention by boldly assuming at the outset a position which she had neither achieved by artistic endeavor nor justified by preliminary manifestations of talent. We do not believe that it is always necessary for a novice to conform to the trite professional requirement of beginning at the proverbial foot of the ladder. There have been notable instances in the history of the stage where candidates for dramatic fame have suddenly sprung to the foremost place, and by virtue of their divine genius have seized the laurel almost without effort; but these instances are as rare as genius itself.

In her amateur days, Mrs. Potter gave no promise of the inheritance of such a birthright. Her professional performance destroys the one hope that might have justified her plan of procedure. The fact that she began wrong and is pursuing a false course—previously suspected only—is now confirmed and indisputably established. If asked whether her debut was a failure, we would answer both yes and no. It all depends on the standpoint from which it is viewed. As the test of artistic merit it was a failure; as a triumph of curiosity it was a distinguished success.

The play selected by Mrs. Potter was unfortunate. The stupidity, the absurdity of Mlle. de Bressier beggars description. Sufficient to it to say that few worse plays have been seen on the metropolitan stage in the past ten years. It is described on the bills as M. Delphi's "dramatic romance." The heroine, Faustine de Bressier, is the daughter of a General who falls in a fight with the Communists in '71. Jacques Rosny is the son of one of the blatherers who were shot at the gates of the de Bressier residence. Jacques becomes a sculptor, and Faustine sits for a bust in his studio. She has been charged by her father to wed Henri de Guessaint, her cousin. She loves the sculptor and he adores her. He avows his love in the studio and she confesses her attachment, but avows her intention of carrying out the wish of the dead General. Jacques becomes enraged and tears off the clay nose of Mlle. de Bressier's bust like a naughty boy. Faustine marries her cousin, but becomes a widow in the last act and gives her hand to the man she loves.

This story has been most clumsily adapted to the English stage. Many queer gaps have been left in the plot; characters are brought on only to disappear without having served any special purpose. The chief situations border dangerously on the ridiculous. The dialogue is cheap, and for the most part pointless. Neither the hero nor the heroine appeal to the sympathies or the admiration of the spectator. He is weak and she is cold. They are equally uninteresting. The piece plunges from melodrama to high comedy, from emotional intensity to trivial commonplace. Its erratic course is as devoid of aim as of consistency.

While it may be urged with some reason that the role of Faustine did not offer opportunity for fine work and that judgment on Mrs. Potter's merits ought consequently to be suspended until a more fitting occasion, it is equally true that the part, in a certain measure, furnishes occasional material for its representative to display power and passion, if she possesses these qualities. While an accomplished actress would not in Faustine be able to fully develop her capacity, it would at least permit her to give unmistakable evidence of her intelligence and talent. For present purposes, therefore, Mrs. Potter's choice of a role offers scope enough to take her artistic measure with a fair degree of accuracy.

Mrs. Potter had not to overcome the apathy of an average audience. There was no indifference in front of the curtain; there was not even criticism to overcome. Rows upon rows of Mrs. Potter's friends in society—people that had applauded her as an amateur—were assembled there to greet her warmly and burst into enthusiasm upon the smallest provocation. Practically, Mrs. Potter was facing no other public than she had known during her experience in private theatricals. The friendly but injudicious clamor of the assemblage must not be mistaken for spontaneous approbation or genuine endorsement. The debutante's jury was packed and its verdict was equivalent to no verdict at all.

It is rather difficult to assume an impartial tone in a case like this without being misunderstood. But THE MIRROR elects to occupy the solid middle-ground of honest, unbiased criticism—a territory which has been deserted by the press and by the first-night audience. There are two factions in both camps, Pro-Potter and Anti-Potter. We do not propose to be misled by the unthinking adulation of the one or the violent antagonism of the other. Mrs. Potter is entitled to dispassionate judgment, and she shall receive it in these columns. We regret that we have to estimate her according to the plane which she comes to occupy, because if she professed less some allowance might be made for the shortcomings natural to a novice. She must stand or fall in the critical scale by the estimate she has placed upon her own talents.

Mrs. Potter is young and beautiful. Her features are finely chiselled, her eyes radiating with the flashes of youth, her nose aristocratic, her mouth extremely sweet—particularly when parted in its winsome smile—her hair has a subdued tinge of chestnut, and her head is well-shaped and well-poised. Her figure, in spite of Worth's masterpieces, is not good. It is neither sensuous in richness nor graceful in outline. Her shoulders are high, her chest

narrow, her limbs exceedingly long. Her movements are constrained and awkward. Her hands are restless, her gait lumbering and her action altogether unlovely. She possesses an assurance so often found where mediocrity asserts itself. Many an artist could not have borne herself in such an ordeal with the cool self-possession that characterized Mrs. Potter because an artist would have realized the boldness of the endeavor, and with experience and training nervousness is generally a companion. The same bland complacency with which the lady announced herself as a star was noticeable in her demeanor on what, to most women, would have been a frightfully trying occasion. Her gowns were exquisite. Nothing more slightly than the picture she presented in the dark green plush draperies that she wore in the studio scene could well be imagined.

But Mrs. Potter's acting—well, if anybody else than Mrs. Potter had played Faustine de Bressier the performance would have been dismissed on all sides with a few lines of condemnation. But everybody expects a particular description of this curiously exaggerated event and so what would ordinarily be a task of supererogation. In the second act in the earlier colloquial passages she delivered her lines monotonously in a voice that was rather faint and husky. She was deliberate and utterly unimpressive. Her elocution was peculiar in that it consisted of speaking the lines all in one key, with a singular poverty of emphasis, inflection and variety of intonation. She uttered every thought and sentiment in precisely the same manner, preserving an icy coldness of deportment and an absolute immobility of feature. In the third act where Faustine and Jacques avow their mutual affection, she exhibited complete inability to portray the fiery emotion of love, the passion of despair, or the nobility of lofty self-sacrifice. Lacking even the groundwork of aptitude for the vocation she has inadvisedly chosen, it is not strange that she is imperfect in the elementary requisites of elocutionary knowledge, power and intensity, much less the method of dramatic expression. Mrs. Potter has not the artistic temperament. She has not reached the A B C of her profession. As for delicacy, subtlety or other refinements that betoken proficiency, of course not the slightest trace is observable. On Monday evening she was never for a moment unconscious of her hands, her handkerchief and her dresses. Inability resulted in immobility, and insensibility sometimes approached vacuity. Intelligent study is likely to manifest itself at times in almost every personation; here it was totally absent. Mrs. Potter evidently had no well-defined conception of Faustine; or if she did have one she was powerless to convey it to her audience.

Has she charm—has she magnetism? Charm she undoubtedly possesses—a mild sort. In repose she is a beautiful lay figure, and we feel her attractiveness then more especially than at other times. It is her loveliness of feature that attracts. It is not what she does, nor is it the tones of her voice or the play of her face that magnetize; on the contrary, these things disturb our contemplation of her passive comeliness. If one is satisfied to visit the theatre for the sole purpose of feasting the eye upon inert beauty, Mrs. Potter will find herself liberally patronized. At present she does not come within the definition of the word actress. Mr. Bellieu was pretty and picturesque as the flighty young sculptor. Mr. Allen made the best of the bad part of the noisy old Communist Pierre. Sydney Drew gave a really humorous touch to Georges, the mischievous studio sprit. Miss Craig was swamped in the obscurity of Nellie. Miss Lytton was less plastic but not less insipid than usual as Aurelie, while Miss Monk's old-fashioned melodramatic style excited more amusement than admiration. The piece was tardily staged in respect to scenery.

The daily papers have treated this incident peculiarly. The notices were extraordinarily vague, and the absentee seeking definite knowledge from that source is reduced to a state of utter perplexity. Every newspaper spread its ell in describing the social importance of the occasion. Society reporters rushed hither and thither. They inventoried the house, appraised the millions represented in the boxes and exhausted the Thesaurus in analyzing the build of the bonnets and bodices in the parquet.

The event was considered chiefly by them in the light of a society gathering. Except for the flutter created by the marvellous gowns which Worth had draped upon the debutante's person, there was more in the auditorium than on the stage that demanded the attraction of the diurnal chroniclers.

They have very thoroughly enumerated the people that collectively paid \$500 to see the beginning of Mrs. Potter's experiment. It only remains for THE MIRROR to say that "everybody" was there; and "everybody," of course, is understood to mean our noble plutocracy, composed of the butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers; the airy descendants of the men that sold pelts and fire-water to the redskins in the long ago; the complacent monopolists of standard oil; the shrewd gamblers in stocks; the freebooters of the iron highways; the Western adventurers who have invaded the journalistic field with ready-made affidavits and Cheap Jack enterprise—in fact, all the motley crowd that have opened the yielding gates of our so-called "society" by the touch of the potent wand of wealth.

LYCEUM THEATRE—THE WIFE.

John Rutherford.....Herbert Kelcey
 Mattie Culver.....Nelson Wheatcroft
 Robert Grey.....Henry Miller
 Silas Truman.....Charles Walcott
 Major Homer Q. Putnam.....W. L. Le Moyne
 Jack Dexter.....Charles S. Dickson
 Mr. Randolph.....Walter Be lous
 Helen Truman.....Georgia Cayvan
 Lucile Ferrant.....Grace Henderson
 Mrs. S. Bellamy Ives.....Mrs. Charles Walcott
 Kitty Ives.....Louise Dillon
 Mrs. Amory.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen

Mrs. Frohman's regular stock season did not begin very auspiciously. It was most interesting as determining the strength and adaptability of his company; in respect to the new play by Messrs. Belasco and De Mille, which it introduced to an audience that filled the aesthetic little playhouse, it was disappointing.

The Wife is old in plot and in character. It is somewhat ponderously constructed and moves forward at a dull and sluggish pace. It is deficient in purpose and in compactness. The dialogue is unnecessarily strung out, so that the play does not end until close on midnight. In spite of the very earnest and painstaking

efforts of the actors concerned in its representation it bored the spectators. One or two of the characters are overdrawn. The two situations that are most original are absurd. The first act falls on a picture of Miss Cayvan's back; the second with her sweetheart bearing off and trampling upon her bridal wreath; the third with the exit of the widely heroine and this same violent young man for a dance, and the fourth with Miss Cayvan having at last fallen in love with her husband, who for the occasion is Mr. Kelcey.

Helen Truman is beloved by Robert Grey and John Rutherford. Grey's folly in exciting the devotion of a passionate Southern girl, Lucile Ferrant, costs him her hand. In a moment of pique or anger she accepts Senator Rutherford and marries him. Matthew Culver is Grey's rival for an appointment as U S District Attorney. He wants Rutherford's support. He and Lucile put their heads together to the end that Grey shall get into the Senator's bad books. The latter helps them by showing everybody that he still loves Helen. Culver spreads a scandalous story at a ball in Washington, connecting the wife's name with the lover's. Rutherford hears it and takes the matter in hand. He proves that the rumor originated with Culver. Then he elicits from his friend Grey the fact that the latter loves his wife. Helen makes a similar confession. Grey goes away. For no particular reason, Helen begins loving Rutherford, and the play ends on the union of their hearts. Incidentally, the humorous love-making of a boyish miss and a Columbia athlete give a touch of lightness to the story.

In Jean Baudry and The Banker's Daughter a similar theme is treated with greater skill than Messrs. Belasco and De Mille have exercised upon it in their production. The piece goes to show nothing except that women who marry for pique may eventually become happy, or that it is dangerous for a girl's ante-marital lover to hang around after some other fellow has taken her through the marriage ceremony. There is some merit in the play, but not enough to commend it to favor. It will not, we think, possess more than transitory interest for the Lyceum's clientele. The comedy scenes are clever and amusing. The scene between Rutherford, Grey and Culver in Act Three is excellent.

Mr. Kelcey was polished, dignified and manly as Rutherford. Mr. Wheatcroft as Culver did the finest work in the play. He is an admirable actor, and he possesses the peculiar faculty of impersonating well-bred stage rascals in such a fashion as to give them a touch of grim philosophy and humor. Mr. Miller was unfortunate in having to play so ungrateful and yet exacting a role as Grey. It is but fair to say that he glossed over its incongruities very well indeed. Messrs. Walcott and Le Moyne presented two careful, but not particularly effective, character sketches. Mr. Dickson's lively and intelligent comedy acting as Jack, together with Miss Dillon's sprightly performance of the companion part, delighted the house.

Miss Cayvan's work always shows study and mental application. In this case it was spent upon a rather colorless character. She did all that could be done with it, however, and was frequently applauded. Miss Henderson is a pretty woman, and we have seen her to advantage on other occasions. In the part of Lucile she was affected in manner, unduly sepulchral in speech and generally artificial. She appeared to cherish the erroneous idea that heavy villainy in modern drama is intimately associated with diaphragmatic vocalism. That's a complete mistake. Mrs. Walcott and Mrs. Whiffen were acceptable as two rival society matrons.

The ladies wore handsome dresses, and the stage was beautifully furnished.

The authors were called during the evening.

To critics used to the footlights on both sides of the Atlantic it is a familiar fact that the European actor is apt to surpass his American brother in the power of dramatic identification. That is, he is the more skilled in laying off his own personal tricks of voice, feature and gesture, and putting on those which fit the simulated personage of the moment. What with native adaptability and the acquired ease of early and thorough training, this skill sometimes becomes well-nigh phenomenal. The famous *doyen* of the Theatre Francais, Got, has been seen, in one season, in four characters which might be said almost to swing round the circle of dramatic possibilities. In Jean Baudry, in Don Annibal of L'Aventurieri, in L'Ami Fritz, and in the Abbe de Musset's Il ne faut Jurer de Rien, he gives the frank, warm-hearted banker and man of the world, the brutal, drunken bully and impostor, the gentle country parson and the doddering old toady of Paris salons, with such wonderful variety of artistic resource, that no one character suggests the slightest touch of any other. The fresh-caught transatlantic is fain to consult his play bill to convince his surprised incredulity that it is the same artist who speaks through them all.

To come nearer home, we have seen Barnay, at the Thalia, within one week impersonate the crazy idealist, Narcisse, the bluff, kindly Doctor in Die Journalisten, and the whimsical dandy in the German version of Murger's Serment d'Honneur, all with much the same skillful and impersonal illusion.

Our own artists are not notable for this self-suppression, and the evil is exaggerated by the modern fashion of long runs and limited repertoires. It has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns that the chronic interpretation of one or two monograph parts, while it may fatten the manager and endow the player with bank-accounts and villas on the Hudson, leads slowly but surely to the extinction of the artist. It inevitably brings on that aesthetic hypertrophy, that thickening of the membranes and paralysis of the muscles, which render him incapable of presenting anything beyond a fixed and limited routine of sensations and emotions, and tinge everything he does or says with one subdominant flavor, like the "disinfectant sauce" of the cheap table d'hôte.

This general preamble may stand in place of any more minute criticism of Mr. Jefferson's well-known performance of Caleb Plummer and Golightly, which had a revival at the Star on Monday. Our brilliant feuilletonist has already called attention to the fact that Mr. Jefferson has for many years interpreted—not, perhaps, Mr. Jefferson—but Mr. Jefferson's one ideal and creation. Lowell says of Cooper's various sea characters and others, that they

are but variations on the original Natty Bumppo, and his saltiest and tarriest bo'sun is merely

Rigged out in a red-clothes and a red-water hat.

So Mr. Jefferson's Acres and Caleb and Golightly, through any possible change of wig, point or costume are but microscopic phases of the original Rip, enjoyable as much as you please, and not in themselves either incongruous or lacking in artistic justification, but with slight attempt at artistic differentiation or fidelity to the primum intent of the author. In the guileless idiosyncrasy, the facile good nature, the harmless "bounce" and politeness which Mr. Jefferson has elaborated to such microscopic delicacy, it is doubtful whether Sheridan would have recognized his Bob or Dickens his Caleb. To one detail the English author might at least take exception—the dialect. In an artist of such mimetic skill as Mr. Jefferson it is really surprising that he should not have provided himself with more than one vocal chord, and remain in *scutella* the victim of his one creation. It gives the oddest feeling of incongruity to hear John Peerybingle rolling out the broad, sonorous burr of the northern counties to the gentle squeak of Caleb's Yankee corner-grocery, or Mr. Golightly at the Bedford race ball pleading for his fleeting five shillings in the purest dialect of Cranberry Centre.

This deduction to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Jefferson on Monday, according to his wont, quietly put his audience in his pocket at the start and carried them about during the evening, making them smile or weep at his will, as Caleb might have done with one of his quaking puppets. It may be noted, however, that at one or two critical points of the Cricket he was perceptibly less emotional than we have known him, and Mr. Golightly's humorous sorrows were rendered with less rattle and dash than might have been admissible in an old fashioned roaring farce.

The support was fair. Emma Vaders is a comely woman with a rich voice, and acts not ill if she could break herself of her tendency to over-act. Her stained-glass attitudes sometimes suggest Sydney Smith's warning to a friend who went to dancing school with Wedgewood—that the sky pouter was only watching him with an eye to getting him on some of his jugs and pans, and "sending him down to posterity in an argillaceous immortality." Her Dot was acceptable, but pitched at the farthest end of the octave from the note of simplicity. Edwin Varrey made an excellent John Peerybingle, but as Captain Phobos looked and acted amazingly like the footman in a scarlet livery. Connie Jackson was grotesque but really funny as Tilly, and George W. Denham was rather needlessly gruff and repulsive as Tackleton.

For the imp of mischief commend us to Little Tich, the diminutive Ethiopian song-and-dance artist, now in the bill at Tony Pastor's. Little Tich hails from the London Pavilion, and was captured by the argus-eyed Antonio during his recent explorations in foreign parts. Imagine an animated condensation of burnt-corked humanity, measuring less than four feet; slim, sprightly and as full of tricks and capers as an Angora kitten—picture this to your mind's eye and you obtain a faint conception of this imported little curio. Little Tich does not attempt to reproduce the conventional stage dialect of negro minstrelsy; in fact there is a flavor of the English concert-hall in his singing; but the antics that accompany his grotesque but graceful dancing fairly convulse the audience with laughter. Little Tich, however, is not by any means "the whole show." The current programme has various other variety tid-bits. Tony Pastor gives a kaleidoscopic shake to his "Timely Topics," William Carroll strums the banjo attuned to the stock of jokes of remote antiquity, while Gussie and Katie Hart, Charles Gilday and Fanny Beane, the Dannels and others may be seen in diverse vocal and terpsichorean specialties. The Martens yodel as melodiously as ever, the acrobatic trick dog walks on his hind legs with customary agility, and John T. Kelly in the concluding farce is equally gymnastic in his exhibitions of Irish brogue.

The Sparks company in the much-abused Bunch of Keys seemed to please the audience at the Grand Opera House Monday evening. This piece is one of Hoyt's first efforts, and, though hackneyed by numerous mediocre performances, the exaggerated and ludicrous vision of hotel life still amuses the masses. Marietta Nash is the boisterous Teddy gained much applause by boydenism. George Lauri's Snags was laughable, but lacked originality. James B. Mackie was clever as Grimes. Alexander and Marie Bell did well in minor roles. The Dolly of Ada Boshell was enlivened by graceful dancing. The rest of the company had little to do. Annie Pixley's Descon's Daughter next week.

Held by the Enemy was seen on Monday night at the People's Theatre, with the interesting feature of the assumption for the first time by Blanche Thorne of the role of Rachel McCreery. The audience was large, the cast strong and the mounting very good. The dainty, graceful beauty of Miss Thorne and her admirable acting won everybody. Kate Wilson's Aunt Euphemia was dignified, matronly and pleasing. Vivacious Hattie Schell kept the house in thorough good humor with her admirable and lively Susan McCreery.

The male cast was strong throughout. James E. Wilson's Colonel Prescott is entitled to the first rank. Charles W. Stokes' impersonation of Major-General Stamburg, Paul Arthur's Special Correspondent, Joseph Humphreys' Uncle Rufus, H. Moray's Surgeon Fielding and William Haworth's Gordon Haynes all received the well merited approbation of the audience. Next week, Bunch of Keys.

A large audience was present last Monday evening at the Third Avenue Theatre when James A. Herne's Hearts of Oak was presented. The company is excellent in every respect, and the star and several of the support received much applause. Next week The Streets of New York will be the attraction.

The Leather Patch will be succeeded on Monday next at the Park by the ever-welcome Cordelia's Aspirations.—The engagement of George S. Knight in Rudolph at the Fourteenth Street is attended with large business. The

performance eminently deserves its popularity.

—On Monday night of next week Jim the Penman will give way at the Madison Square to The Martyr, which has been for some time in rehearsal.—Caste is shortly to be followed by School, another Robertsonian comedy at Wallack's shortly.—Tuesday night a new burlesque, Mrs. Blotter, was presented successfully at Dockstage's in addition to the favorite features of the old bill.—The Henrietta will run on, we are glad to say, for a longer time at the Union Square, the German invasion having been successfully undermined.—The Marquis is still drawing large audiences to the Casino.—A Dark Secret continues to hold attention with remarkable tenacity at the Academy.

Gossip of the Town.

Samuel Alexander is on the business staff of R. C. White's production of The Ship in Philadelphia.

Election Day matinee will be given at almost all of the theatres next Tuesday.

J. J. Rosenthal is no longer manager for Jennie Yeamans. He has returned to the city.

Ernie is reported to have played at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, last week to over \$15,000.

Harry La Ross and the Coulson Sisters, of Tony Pastor's company, sailed for England on Tuesday.

Frederic Wardle begins his annual engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on next Monday night.

Henry Vandenhoff has been engaged for a prominent role in The Soggarth.

Marguerite Saxton has departed South to join Marie Prescott's company.

Charles Heckler, son of A. L. Heckler, has been engaged by Henry Irving to play the boy's part in Faust.

The Domine's Daughter, under Byron Douglas' management, closed its season on Saturday night last at New Haven on account of bad business.

William H. Gillette will open his starring tour in The Great Pink Pearl and Editha's Burglar at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, in December.

Al Hayman has made arrangements to produce A Dark Secret at the California Theatre, San Francisco, early in January.

Manager H. C. Shwab, of the Bijou Theatre, Pittsburgh, arrived in town last Monday and returned the same evening or next morning.

Alice S. Vincent has been engaged for the part of Utah in the Philadelphia production of The—R. C. White's version, and the original production.

T. H. Winstett has just returned from a trip to Baltimore, where he has been the guest of Manager F. Harris.

Marcus Moriarty has been especially engaged to play the juvenile part, Colonel Randolph Colledge, in Fate, soon to be produced at Harrigan's Park Theatre.

Mrs. W. G. Jones, so well known and popular in New York, is playing Aunt Mary in A Run of Luck at the Boston Theatre.

Love's Loyalty is the name of a play by H. Wayne Ellis, that has been read and favorably criticized by A. M. Palmer.

The Soggarth, under the management of Oliver Byron and Charles H. Welles, will be seen for four weeks at the Star Theatre, beginning January 1st. Adelle Belgrade has been engaged to play the leading role.

T. Henry French has secured the American rights to The Golden Ladder, by George R. Sims and Wilson Barrett. It will be produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on Dec. 26.

J. H. Brannan, formerly of the Wages of Sin company, is being praised highly by the W. stars papers for his impersonation of a villain in Scott and Mills' Chip of the Old Block company.

Mr. Murray and F. Chasnegas, the author and composer of Nady, the comic opera to follow The Oolah at the Casino, will come to this country to produce the work.

Queen Victoria lately presented Wilson Barrett with a full-size portrait of herself in return for one which the actor had sent her of his lately deceased wife (Caroline Heath).

Mattie Gore has been engaged by Benj. Magisley for the role of Little May in May Blossom, which he has added to his repertoire, and is to play three times a week for the future.

The first "High Jinks" of the Mohican Club, of which Edward Aronson, Henry E. Dixey, Robert C. Hillard and other well-known pros and actors are prominent members, will take place on Nov. 15.

Joseph Jefferson occupied a box at the Wednesday matinee of Rudolph at the Fourteenth Street. He addressed before the scenes after the play, and congratulated George S. Knight heartily on his performance.

L. M. Vredenburg, manager of the Mendocino Quartet Club, states that the trouble with Belle Du Bois, the soprano, in Bethlehem, Pa., was due solely to her inability to sing correctly. The Club have engaged Anna, a new ten to take Miss Du Bois' place.

Ben Teal is now busily engaged on the production of She at Nihil's Garden. Almost all of the chorus has been secured, and rehearsals will begin on Monday next, while the principals will begin to rehearse the Monday following.

Mrs. Langtry will open her next season, with a grand spectacular production of a play on the road last season, by George Jessop and Horace Townshead, the artistic direction and mounting of which has been placed in the hands of Alfred Thompson.

Kate Claxton has secured The Pointman, by Cecil Raleigh and R. C. Carton, from A. M. Palmer, who owns the rights for this country, and will be seen in it for the 5th time at the Grand Opera House in this city, on Jan. 16.

Barr W. McIntosh, who has been lost to the stage for some time, having re-entered journalism, has determined to return to the boards. He has accepted papers for engagement with The Soggarth, which opens its season in Syracuse on Nov. 21.

David Belasco announces that the new comedy he is writing treats of the case in society for amateur theatricals. It is a literary coincidence that Celia Logan and Rose Eyr are have been collaborating in the writing of a comedy the idea of which is the same as that of Mr. Belasco's.

H. M. Pitt, of the Madison Square Theatre, who, it is generally known, is the author of Venus and Adonis, which made quite a hit on the road last season, is writing a new musical extravaganza in collaboration with Fred. Solomon. It will be in three acts and on a mythological subject, and a number of very novel effects will be introduced in the second act.

Henry Irving has brought over fully 100 people for the production of Faust at the Star Theatre. In order that there may be no hitch on the opening or any other night, he has brought with him his own electricians, his own gasman, his own calligrapher, his own fryman and his own master carpenter. In one of the great scenes so less than sixteen different calcium lights shed their fluorescence on the stage.

J. F. Ferry is satisfied with the success of A Boom in matrimony on its trial tour. He is now reorganizing his company, which was not entirely satisfied with its first tour. He says the people in the United States were weak. He has secured Stella Maris and Charles Burke in their places, and will resume the tour at Lancaster, Pa., on Nov. 5. Mae Wentworth, Frank H. Dimes and B. F. Dillon, who made strong hits, are retained.

The opera that will most likely follow The Oolah at the Casino is entitled Naxos. It was performed at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Greenwich, England, on Oct. 10, for copyright purposes. It is a romantic comic opera in three acts, music by F. Chasnegas, composer of Falka; libretto by M. Leterrier and Vanloo; the English words by Alfred Murray. The story is connected with the history of Hungary under Austrian rule.

Oh, those real estate investments! Could all the names of managers and actors who have recklessly invested among the "booms" and "boomlets" of the West and South be placed in double columns, with the amounts said to have been paid for "desirable town lots," the amount would be counted with many a smile. And the amount would foot up into the millions—on paper. In most cases a free advertisement is the sole interest taken in the "booms" and "boomlets."

Manager Harry Chapman writes a few lines anent the opening of John Hazelrigg, who is now launched upon a starring tour in One Million Dollars. "We opened at Mattewan, N. Y., on Oct. 30, and everything passed off splendidly. The editor of the Evening Journal (local daily) told me that it was the best play and best company—and as to the latter, the best dressed—he had ever seen in the Opera House. Manager Dibble wants a return date. Star, company and play a positive hit."

In his light and airy way, "Gawain," The Mirror's London correspondent, reviews the plot of The Strangers of Paris, as recently produced in his city, and wonders whether it bears any similarity to the "Gawain" of the New York production. As far as recollection serves, it is identical. But "Gawain" is mistaken in supposing that this nightmarish drama had any enduring success in this country. It appeared to the reviewer as morbid for a time, and then its career became as futile as a disturbed sleep. It is still occasionally farmed out, but the adventurers gain little or no profit, and some of them go bump against the wall.

I am always rewarded when I take a haic at the female meetings, whenever the tripl named women of the United States have spasm of renovating, and a sort of lodge sorrow and camp of discontent is held. I ought for the pure fun of the thing, to be

An old gentleman said to me the other night, "Those lunny skits on the other theatres that Dockstader is producing so rapidly this season are just the things that made Mitchell and his Olympic famous." Then he went on to tell me now, when they did Bayader, the Mad of Cashmere, at the Park the Olympic the next week had Buy It Dear; It's Made in Cashmere; and when the Old Bowery did Venice Preserved; or, The Plot Discovered Mitchell did Venison Preserved; or, The Plot Uncovered. They had two or three good singers, and all New York had to see the latest burlesque at the Olympic

"That *THE MIRROR* has taken a 'most commendable step in bringing the acts of the pirates more closely to the attention of the entire profession, no one will for a moment deny," said Al Hayman to a *Mirror* rep-

Maner Mills, of Memorial Hall Lyons N. Y., sends along two requests for dates recently received. One is from Matt Grau, manager of the "Casino Opera company." In a ill-written scrawl he says: "Thirty artists appear in the greatest success on record, Robert Macaire, better known as Erminie!"—the latter title heavily underscored. The other was from Madero and Cooke, operating from 317 E. 14th street New York. Their letterhead contained a repertoire including Little Emma, Under the Gaslight and Emeralds. A half dozen other plays bore the ear-mark of disingenuous managers. Maner Mills gave consideration to neither application.

Maner Shults, of the Casino Opera House Bath, N. Y., refused a date to Madero and Cooke, and writes THE MIRROR: "I am glad to see your paper fighting the pirates. If I can assist you in any way I shall be happy to do so."

Last performances of
JIM THE PENMAN,
 with the original cast
 Now in DeFenry's new play, **THE MARTYR**

Supported by Mr KYRIE BELLEW (by courtesy of Mr H. F. Abbey, of Wallasey).

NEW YORK MIRROR

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Aldrich, Louis
Abell, Florida
Burt, Laura
Barry, Lawrence
Buckley, Jessie
Boswell, Jessie
Banks, Frank C.
Burgess, Neil
Brett, Jeaneville L.
Bishop, W. H.
Black, Georgia
Burke, John T.
Brustein, Jeff.
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Charles, Merce
Clark, Duncan
Caden, James
Carpenter, A. S.
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Coleman, Edward
Carter, H. F.
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Chambers, Augusta
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Eline, Lillian
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Gray, Alice
Grove, Marion
Goodwin, Frank
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Goldstone, John H.
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Hall, Edward T.
Hart, Frank J.
Harkins, D. H.
Hayden, Martin
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Hawley, Hallie
Hille, Othas
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Henderson, Clarence
Johnson, Louis
Jarvis, G. T.
Jencks, Mrs.
Johnson, C. E.
Jannasch, Miss.
Kent, Charles
King, S. R.
Kempster, Marie (Tel.)
Kellard, John E.
Larkin, E. W.
Ludie, Irene
Logan, Anthony

yet he goes scot free and keeps on plying his dragonet as lively as ever. Here is the point. These mythical utterances are of an intangible character, and too unsubstantial to found an action at law upon them. The sportsman keeps his duck-boat skirting around the edges and bags such birds as he is sure will not squawk, so that these ambitious explorers have the wide field of "innocuous desuetude" to disport in, scudding away jauntily without fear of the shotgun or legal handicap or handcuff.

And here we may incidentally suggest as one reason why Mr. Rider Haggard's latitudinous stories are so eagerly welcomed by the press is that he is the very king-pin of exaggeration and ingenious padding. We hope we may say that the dramatic reporter, properly so called, is less open to the lure of the syren inasmuch as he deals with facts, and if he strays into forbidden grounds he can be easily brought to the bar.

As far as the dramatic critic departs from literal statements, it is mainly in endorsing plays and performers with numerous eulogistic adjectives wide of the mark to fill out the costumes and to furnish up the empty eidolon of the stage. It is pleasing, however, to take note that the press generally has in regard to the theatre, at the present season, used more prudence in accepting performances and shown the ability to discriminate and be governed by stricter and higher standards in passing judgment upon the presentations of the theatres. The sympathetic reception of the better sort of plays is an indication in the same direction and gives promise of an improved condition of the drama.

* * The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be published on Saturday, Dec. 10. Price, 25 cents. Advertisements received until Nov. 26.

Cart Before the Horse.

Our readers, we hope, understand that it is the province of THE MIRROR to encourage and develop all the better elements which show themselves in the dramas of the day, in the belief that the wholesome growths will in time crowd out the weeds and parasitical plants. We do not desire to accept the present as the climax and perfection of dramatic work. One would suppose there could be no other than universal concurrence in this view of the situation.

The plays must be, as a general thing, taken with an allowance. When we send forth our clippers upon the histrionic racing waters, and we find whatever speed we have made, we cannot fail to note that we are yet falling to leeward, and that foreign coasters are a long way in the fore.

This is the fact, but judging by actual observation it is doubtful whether there are not many contributors to the current press in an editorial capacity even here in the great Metropolis who can not entertain two ideas at a time even upon so plain a case. One of these perfunctory proponents, in a recent issue of a popular daily, notifies us that New York is rapidly becoming the chief dramatic and lyric city of the world.

We see that it is "rapidly becoming," but we do not see that it is "come." What drama has New York created? What lyric composition? Strain our eyes as we may, the home-born tragedy does not show itself—sharpen our ears and the opera of native origin gives no note.

The eulogist of achievements that have not been achieved condones his default by pleading an innocent *non nobis*, and demonstrates his fitness to pass judgment upon an aesthetic issue with this protocol: "In the number and comfort of its theatres, in the finish and splendor of its plays and operas, and in the fullness of provision made to please its audiences, its progress is so well defined, and indeed so emphatic, that the claim we thus put forth will soon be realized, if it is not warranted already."

This is obviously a case of cart before the horse: the cart is loaded to the scantlings, but the horse—the motive power—is not there; at least not the divine Pegasus we would like to see. "Finish and splendor of its plays and operas," we take to mean the gilding of the vehicle.

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Personal.

ARONSON.—Rudolph Aronson is writing a new waltz, entitled "Bright Blue Eyes."

BELGARDE.—Adele Belgarde has been engaged to play the leading role in The Soggarth.

VANDENHOFF.—Henry Vandenhoff has been engaged for the part of the priest in The Soggarth.

ARMSTRONG.—Sydney Armstrong is reported ill at her home with a severe attack of rheumatism.

MARLOWE.—Julia Marlowe, Manager R. E. J. Miles' protegee, is the daughter of a Cincinnati hotel-keeper.

ROSS.—McCullough Ross, of Jefferson's company, is in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

HARRIGAN.—Edward Harrigan celebrated his forty-third birthday on Tuesday of this week. He looks to be younger.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern is playing in The Highest Bidder at the New National Theatre, Washington, to nightly increasing receipts.

LE BARON.—Lisette Le Baron is meeting with marked recognition from the press in her performance of Rachel Westwood in Woman Against Woman.

GILLETTE.—Fanny Gillette was given a very warm greeting on the opening of Monbars in Newark on Monday night. She shared honors with Mr. Mantell.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather opened in Romeo and Juliet at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night. The house was large and very friendly.

LYON.—Miss Esther Lyon, Miss Kate Claxton's leading lady, would like to impress it upon newspaper men and others that she spells her name L-Y-O-N.

BOUCAULT.—Dion Boucault has re-awakened the enthusiasm and interest of the Bostonians with The Shaughraun, which has been playing to large business.

ALLEN.—Viola Allen is meeting with marked success in her impersonation of the leading role in Hoodman Blind. Miss Allen's performance is original, she having never seen the play before entering its cast.

LEONARD.—G. Herbert Leonard is temporarily engaged with Joseph Jefferson. At very short notice he played Falkland in The Rivals, McCullough Ross being taken ill. Mr. Leonard remains with the company until the end of this week.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans is coming East to assume the role of Ustane in the Hayman-Gillette production of She at Niblo's. Miss Evans was the original in R. C. White's dramatization (the first), produced at the Tivoli, San Francisco, last Summer.

ROACH.—James Connor Roach expresses himself as never feeling better in his life than during his present starring tour in Dan Darcy in New England. He certainly can congratulate himself on the luck that brought him under the managerial wing of Mr. Hill.

VAUGHN.—Theresa Vaughn, the bright particular star of Mestayer's Toboggan, has made the hit of her life in the role of Persia, and is receiving flattering criticisms from press and public. Next season Miss Vaughn will star in an adaptation from the French by W. A. Mestayer, entitled Sugar-Coated.

GREENWALL.—The mother and sisters of the late R. S. Wires, who died suddenly in Dallas, Texas, recently, have written letters to Henry Greenwall expressing deep thanks for the care taken of their son and brother during his last hours, and asking him to remember them to others who smoothed the pillow of the dying.

MANTELL.—Robert Mantell opened in Monbars at Miner's Newark Theatre on Monday evening. The audience was large and more than kindly disposed toward the actor. At the close of the third act he was recalled three times, the audience rising to their feet. State officials, including the Governor, and a carload of New Yorkers were present.

MCDOWELL.—Melbourne McDowell is receiving excellent notices from the press regarding his work as Lorin Ipanoff in support of Fanny Davidson in Fedora. It is held that he is not an imitator of any of the actors who have played the part before him, but that his points are original and honestly earned. He will be given the leading male part in La Tosca when it is produced, most probably in this city this Winter.

The Soggarth.

"The preparations for the production of The Soggarth are progressing to my entire satisfaction," said Manager Charles B. Welles, yesterday, "and we will open with one of the best plays and strongest companies on the road. No expense is being spared in any direction. Mr. Goatcher is putting the finishing touches to one of the finest pieces of work he has ever done. It is an Irish glen by moonlight. The scenery is all new and very elaborate. Our printing will not take second place of any on the road. Matt Morgan has finished what he admits is one of the best pieces of work of his life. It is a gold and bronze medallion, something entirely new and striking. The Strobidge and Thomas lithograph houses are also turning out some beautiful work for us."

"We have fixed upon Nov. 21 as the date of opening. We play in Rochester Thanksgiving week. Thence we go to Toronto, Detroit (Hooley's Theatre, two weeks), Indianapolis, Louisville and Cincinnati, returning to the city for a run of four weeks at the Star Theatre in January. Frank G. Cotter is my assistant manager. Does Mr. Oliver Byron appear in the piece? No. Mr. Byron is deeply interested in the financial management—that is all. A great many people have imbibed the impression that The Soggarth is a melodrama because of Mr. Byron's association with the management. On the contrary, it is a high class drama of modern life, and is entirely out of Mr. Byron's line. Mr. Byron remains on the road with The Inside Track."

"There is no better proof of the strength of the play than the fact that last week we signed

a contract with Manager Field, of the Boston Museum, for its production at his house next month. Mr. Field is very enthusiastic over it, and is making extensive preparations for the production. There is something entirely new and startling in the development of the plot, which has never been seen on the stage, and it is sure to create a sensation. We feel very confident of repeating the success the play has made abroad."

The Big Academy Again Changes Hands.

The Academy of Music was sold on Monday last by William P. Douglas to Eugene Tompkins, manager of the Boston Theatre, Boston, and Edward G. Gilmore, manager of Niblo's Garden, for the sum of \$365,000. A large sum of money was paid down, and it was decided that the new owners should come into possession on Nov. 28.

Mr. Tompkins is the manager who secured the Fifth Avenue Theatre from May 1. He is a young man who, while never occupying a position in which he was not well before the theatrical public, with each season comes more into the foreground. To a MIRROR reporter who met him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel he said:

"It is the intention of Mr. Gilmore and myself, who become partners in this enterprise, to carry on the Academy of Music the same as I carry on the Boston Theatre—for combinations and productions. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, here I shall devote to combinations. Theatrical speaking, I consider the Academy of Music a fine piece of property and that we have secured it cheap. I look upon it to-day as a better investment than ever before, the run of A Dark Secret showing that the general public will patronize it when the attraction is of the class they care to see. We have the benefit of the knowledge while some one else took the risk of experiment."

"Mr. Douglas claims that he comes out of the investment all right. We had been negotiating only since last Friday. His reason for parting with the house, I believe, was simply that he was not familiar with theatrical business. He found that it would take up his entire time, and this he could not give. Following A Dark Secret, Booth and Barrett will appear at the Academy; then will come Kiraly's production of Mazum, and then Barnay, the German tragedian. This will bring us up to the latter part of March. Further than that no attractions will be booked. If you notice, we have rather a corner on big houses. There is the Boston Theatre, Niblo's Garden, the Fifth Avenue and the Academy of Music. The Academy and Boston will work together on large productions. As it has been my custom to have a big melodramatic or spectacular production in Boston every year for a number of years, it will be quite easy to move any such pieces right over to this city."

"I do not intend to take up my residence here, though I will, of course, spend a good deal of my time in New York. Great alterations and improvements will be made in the Academy next Summer. We have not settled upon a scale of prices, but the popular basis will be preserved."

The Prosperous Homestead.

"Our business here at Niblo's Garden has been and is now something phenomenal," said E. A. McFarland, manager of Denman Thompson, to a MIRROR reporter. "Mr. Gilmore tells me that it is the biggest business that has been known in this theatre for fifteen years, or ever since he came into possession. Ever since the first night—we opened to one of the largest houses ever gathered at this house—the orchestra has occupied the lobby of the balcony, matinees and all. Up at the Fourteenth Street Theatre the orchestra was placed in the gallery; but here we can't afford even that."

"This week and next we continue at Niblo's, and then we go to the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn. Then we return to the scene of Mr. Thompson's first triumphs in Joshua Whitcomb and The Old Homestead—the Fourteenth Street Theatre—opening for a season of five weeks on Nov. 21. The gross receipts for the four weeks here will be about \$40,000. As for next year, we have received very flattering offers from J. M. Hill, John Sietson Eugene Tompkins, J. W. Rosenquest and E. G. Gilmore, not alone to come to the houses which they manage, but to open at them and stay there the entire season. We had booked four weeks at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, but that engagement will probably be cancelled, and the chances are that the play will be seen here for an entire season."

Monumental City Mems.

Dr. Kane, the well-known theatrical litterateur and deliver in the mine of stage reminiscence, is sojourning in the city. Wherever he may happen to tarry something from his pen appears in the local dailies; and the Metropolis is no exception. He always has something pleasing and interesting to write of the stage and its people. Two columns on the Ballet recently appeared in a leading New York daily. The veteran writer comes to New York from Baltimore, and to a MIRROR reporter he discoursed a little upon theatricals in the Monumental City.

"Manager Harris' Academy of Music," said the Doctor, "is having phenomenal success this season. From \$4,000 to \$5,000 a week is taken at popular prices. Visitors are particularly struck with the elegance of the entrance to this house. The interior, too, is the realization of comfort. In his circuit of theatres, the Academy is Harris' particular pet. All his houses are models—Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington being the quietest over which he watchfully presides. Harris entered the amusement field through a small theatrical tent, and as a manager he has come to stay. All his theatres are flourishing. Business integrity and unwearying labor have brought him to the front."

"I am sorry to report the illness of Manager John W. Albough. He is now on his farm near the city. I hope he will soon be himself again. John T. Ford is wrapped up in John Sleeper Clarke, who is a comparative success. It's a pity that Clarke, who is a Baltimorean, should be somewhat forgotten; but he is paying the penalty of remaining too long abroad. I hope he will recover the lost ground."

"Dan Kelly is doing well with his Front Street Theatre. He doesn't strike too high, and touches the temper of his patrons to a T. He gives them stirring melodrama in solid

chunks. Kernan's Monumental is another successful Baltimore amusement resort. It is long-established and its patrons are loyal to the core."

Letters to the Editor.

MANAGER SNELBAKER'S EXPLANATION.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—In reply to Mr. Stevenson's letter I merely wish to state that I refused to take out his C. O. D. unless a guarantee stipulated in his contract was cancelled. The agent refused to do so, and I gave him notice that unless he furnished the paper to bill the town on the following day I should cancel his contract. The agent failed to get his paper out on the following day, but agreed to accept the terms of contract without guarantee. These are the facts in the case.

Respectfully yours, J. E. SNELBAKER.

NEW YORK VITUPERATIVE JOURNALISM.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—Your objections to the unprovoked personalities of the San on Miss Jewett were very much in order, and a distant Californian says: "Well done Mr. Mison and Nym Crinkle." The bafe rays of this tarnished San were transmitted along the telegraph wires by the discriminating Associated Press across the Continent, and our mob was regaled one fine morning in all the daily papers with a distorted view of an unfortunate woman. What villainy, such newspaper enterprise! There is a growing conviction in the minds of many quiet people, who do their own thinking despite the dark-lantern press patrol, that certain journals which are forever howling reform that reform that by their own cowardly lack of principles stand in the most need of reform themselves. Gifted with vituperation, these journals prostitute a noble art for the almighty dollar.

OLD PLAY-GOER.

ADVANCE CARPENTER-WORK.

WOOSTER, O., Oct. 29.

Editor New York Mirror:—It may appear unkind to spoil the fairy story sent to last week's MIRROR by my friend, Branch O'Brien, relative to the marvellously short time in which he erected the mammoth (?) bill-board at Newark, N. Y., and I would not do so if I was not connected with a strictly moral show, and my love for truth compels me to deny his position that he has any paper representing bloodhounds chasing Evans up the golden stairs. To those who are acquainted with Mr. O'Brien's imaginative powers, it is necessary to state that the erection of the board in question was begun two hours before his arrival in town by the crew of the Opera House, and that although Branch remained there a half day, it wasn't completed when he left for Lyons. Perhaps Mr. O'Brien will explain how he was able to get a "stand" of paper, twenty-four sheets in length, on a board erected between two buildings forty feet apart.

Yours very truly,

A. J. WILDES,

Agent Abbey's U. I. C. Co.

RE-ENTER "ANXIOUS INQUIRER."

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.

Editor New York Mirror:—THE MIRROR last week did Mr. R. C. White an injustice in supposing he was in collusion with Anxious Inquirer. The authors of the article were only taken as an example. Some information was desired, and it was furnished, although the main question, "Is not the appropriation of an idea as reprehensible as the pirating of lines?" was evaded. The position taken by THE MIRROR, however, is sound and cannot be reasonably controverted.

Anxious Inquirer has often wondered at the look of expression on the part of the profession, the rank and file of which appears to be actively engaged in delineating the expressions of others that they have none to render on their own account. Outside of managers and advance agents, who are seeking after their immediate personal interests, the profession appears to be dumb. It never asks a question or has a suggestion to offer in relation to its own business, and "dry-as-dust facts," as others see them, is the result.

Anxious Inquirer does not seem to be too inquisitive, but would like to know if THE MIRROR believes the concentration of the management of several theatres in the hands of the same person is for the best interest of the profession? Does it not have a tendency to bill attractions without regard either to ability or novelty for the season to the detriment of real merit, and does it not tend to fill the companies, if not the profession, with inexperienced people to the injury of professionals who have made the drama a study? Is not this one of the chief reasons why so many professional people are out of employment this season, while companies on the road have largely increased?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

"And You Takes Your Choice."

NOT GRACEFUL OR FASCINATING.

The World.

She is a pretty woman, with a fragile and by no means a statuesque figure, an intelligent face and a head of beautiful bronze hair. It cannot be said that she is graceful or fascinating in action, but she is ladylike. She is neither as robust nor as tall as Langtry, but she has a soft, womanly charm of ideal beauty that is not in Langtry's vital beauty, and she was dressed in a simple luxuriance that caught the eye.

GRACEFUL IN POSE AND GESTURE.

The Herald.

Though graceful in pose and often so in gesture, she lacks somewhat in simplicity in all she does.

MOVES HER ARMS CLUMSILY.

The Times.

She has not yet overcome the tendency to move her arms clumsily, and is not yet proficient in the use of gesture to emphasize or illumine the meaning of the text.

DEFIES STAGE POWDER.

The Journal.

It is a beauty of face that it is hard to describe, for mobility is one of its charms, and it can defy the disfigurement of the hair or the action of the stage powder.

TOO MUCH BLACK AND RED.

The Star.

Mrs. Potter is so young and good-looking that it seems unfortunate she should have been taught to make so much with black and red. Undoubtedly she will improve in every particular.

UNABLE TO SHOW HER EMOTIONS.

The Herald.

If the lady will give more variety to her delivery, for at times she was distressingly monotonous, she will make an even better impression than she did last night. She also was at times unable to show by the expression of her face her emotions.

EFFECTIVE IN EXPRESSION.

The Times.

She expressed the various emotions effectively with her newly-acquired skill, though not with equal strength in all the scenes.

NO EXPRESSION.

The World.

She has no variation of facial expression; she cannot thrill with her own emotions. She is too self-conscious to lose herself for a moment in her work.

A BRILLIANT FUTURE.

The Journal.

Her acting, about which so much curiosity existed, proves to be much better than we were led to suppose. Her voice is good and her tones clear, though she apparently cultivates the French falling, giving a nasal tone to love passages. There is a little too much of the tragedy-queen in her manner for a modern play with occasional slightly humorous situations. She is apt to be a little stilted, in fact, and is self-conscious, though not to a disagreeable degree. She is very graceful, your thin women lend themselves to this easily, and as she is earnest, painstaking, intelligent and beautiful, she has a brilliant future before her.

NO FITNESS FOR THE STAGE.

The World.

She made her appearance in a lamentably puerile play and she kept strictly abreast of its puerility if not of its wearisomeness, and never for one moment broke the surface of its dull platitudinous correctness with any betrayal of special fitness for the work she has undertaken with so much acclaim.

SHE IS AN ACTRESS.

The Times.

She has overcome the negative faults of her amateur acting. She has learned how to walk and how to stand upon the stage. She has acquired the ability to sustain a character throughout a long play. She has developed her taste, and increased her knowledge of pictorial effect.

SHE IS NOT AN ACTRESS.

The World.

She is, in fact, so far as this week's exhibition goes, no better and no worse than any intelligent girl of society who, with a little coaching and a few money, can walk through a part with form and feeling, and with credit from her immediate friends.

The Usher.



Head him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Lover's Lament.

Fifth avenue has four notable corners at the intersection of Twenty-first street. On one stands a church, on another the big building occupied by THE MIRROR and the Actors' Fund Association, on the third the Union Club, and over the way the Lotos. An actress was heard to remark, musingly, as she surveyed the scene from a window in the Fund offices the other day: "Here we have a curious conjunction. If the Reverend Candler of Nashville were present he would say it represented Salvation, Recreation and Damnation."

In leisure moments from my sanctum observatory I study the men and manners of the habitués of the two clubs across the street. At the Lotos they drink whiskey and apollinaris and read THE MIRROR and Art Amateur beside a cheery soft-coal fire. Up above in the restaurant Mr. Pigott is constantly eating blue points and telling a trembling waiter that the Bass is flat. Stephen Fiske recalls the glories of the Savage in other days and Chondos Fulton convinces Judge Gedney that Brougham and Bacon wrote Boucicault.

Over at the Union the windows are jammed in the afternoons by burly, red-faced, bleary men with military moustaches, haunted by a fear that some pretty woman may pass without having her ankles and features stared at and her morals speculated upon. These veteran satyrs are continually pressing their ruddy noses against the spacious panes, which fortunately keep in their vulgar comments, else decent women would pass on the other side of the way. They drink cocktails and swear the bluest oaths known in christendom.

The Lotos' last Saturday night, by the way, was a delightful event. A count of the professionals in the throng revealed clever actors, who kept the clubmen and their guests most agreeably entertained from ten o'clock until two in the morning.

A Pennsylvania manager writes: "I was pleased to read the communication of Albert, of Chattanooga, relative to the gross inaccuracies of Miner's Directory. No doubt somebody is making money out of the book, and allowing Mr. Miner something for the use of his name. A reliable, truthful guide-book would be of great value to the profession. Such a book has not yet appeared. Some of the mistakes in the Directory I have noted: Allentown, G. C. Aschbach should be L. Newhard; Erie, William H. Sell is not the manager; Harrisburg, H. J. Steele is not the manager; Mahanoy City, C. Metz is not the manager; Philadelphia, there has been no Haverly's Theatre for some years; Gorman is not the manager of the Arch Street Opera House; the Temple Theatre was destroyed by fire over a year ago; Reading, the old Academy was destroyed in 1885; Shamokin has a new theatre, which is not the old one; Tamaqua, here there is an opera house—not Leitzinger Hall. Does such a Directory direct?"

It seems to me that if this manager wished to have a reliable guide he would aid the publishers of the present directories by pointing out a list of such errors as he has noted and noted in his letter to the publishers. Managers assist in the work of the directory. It is of course, a good idea. N. Y. 5, Springfield, will contain—teawan, N. Y. 5, Brooklyn 7, week. Baltimore 31, week, Pittsburgh 7, good many in.

The London. Co. Chicago 31, two weeks. In spite of N. Y. City 24—Winter NEW YORK M. CIRCUSES. In obedience Nov. 5. The New York SCENARIOS. thing else, it is a good idea. New Orleans 24, two weeks. In loving N. Y. 5, Springfield, will contain—teawan, N. Y. 5, Brooklyn 7, week. Baltimore 31, week, Pittsburgh 7, good many in. Cleveland 7, week. White Haven, Pa. 3, Wilkesbarre. The London. Co. Chicago 31, two weeks. In spite of N. Y. City 24—Winter NEW YORK M. CIRCUSES. In obedience Nov. 5. The New York SCENARIOS. thing else, it is a good idea. New Orleans 24, two weeks. In loving N. Y. 5, Springfield, will contain—teawan, N. Y. 5, Brooklyn 7, week. Baltimore 31, week, Pittsburgh 7, good many in. Cleveland 7, week. White Haven, Pa. 3, Wilkesbarre.

Ajeeb, the alleged automaton that is one

the permanent attractions at the Eden Musée, is a perpetual source of curiosity and wonderment, particularly among the rural visitor to the waxworks show. There is more than one crankabout the figure. Almost every night an excitable young Englishman pays admission to play checkers with his silent and Turkish Nibbs. Generally he is badly beaten, but now and then he manages to resolve a game into a draw. He says he thinks the automaton is directed by an electrical attachment. Many are credulous enough to suppose that it works mechanically. No electric connection is possible, for the box on which the figure sits is clear of the floor and concealment would be out of the question. Besides, the game could not be played thus by any confederate in the room without detection. Of course the theory that the figure is really automatic is absurd. A man can make a machine that will move, but he cannot put into it brains that will enable it to think. Ajeeb's massive interior unquestionably contains a man—a truncated man, perhaps, but still a human being—who looks out upon the checker-board and works the mechanical hand that makes the moves. When the testy German woman who exhibits the figure unlocks the doors in the breast and the pedestal through which the spectator looks and sees a quantity of dusty, unused wires and cogs and wheels placed there to deceive, it will be noticed that there is sufficient intervening space to effectually conceal a man of medium proportions, or for a legless individual to picnic in. Probably the confederate is a relative of the Teutonic exhibitor; for when an inquisitive visitor started to estimate the available interior space by measuring the outside with his cane, the other night, the fair-haired dame indignantly hissed "Rats!" and imperiously waved him away. Although Ajeeb is a fraud, he is at all events a clever and amusing one.

Lester Victor was for the three past seasons a member of Aimee's company, and he sends me some brief recollections of her that I print in view of the meagreness of the once brilliant artist's posthumous fame. "I had occasion to notice that Aimee's affection for her dog was most surprising," writes the actor. "She possessed a sky-terrier named Jacques, who, by the way, had the peculiar habit of getting lost at least once a month. On these occasions she would be beside herself with grief and offer most generous rewards. At the first rehearsal of 'Mam'zelle at Wallack's Theatre, about three years ago, while I was making threatening gestures at Aimee (according to the business in the part) Jacques, who had been watching me from the wings, became displeased at my antics and made a spring for my necktie, part of which he carried away."

"I saw poor Aimee in New York last Summer, a few days before she sailed for France. She spoke of the recent death of her mother and remarked that she had now not a living relative. She stated that she intended to undergo an operation in Paris, but did not consider it dangerous. In a jocular way I said: 'Madam, what becomes of your property when you die?' She pointed to Jacques, saying, 'That is my heir.'"

"I understand, however, that she left her entire little fortune to the Orphans' Dramatic Fund in France."

And yet, notwithstanding Aimee's charity, which was often generously extended to her own professional countrymen, scarcely a representative of the Paris stage attended her funeral. Poor Aimee! The memories of her good deeds, like the echoes of her mirth and melody, have faded into oblivion.

I am glad to see that Dion Boucicault has brought suit for \$50,000 damages against a daily paper that recently traduced him in the most brutal and unwarrantable manner. Libel cases generally go the wrong way in this city, where the value of character in the community has been lowered to nil by a licentious press; but I trust that Boucicault will be able to teach his detractors a severe lesson in this case.

The Reverend Nashville Candler's denunciation of the stage seems to be having a sort of boomerangish result so far as the dramatic parsons and church lights are concerned. Mr. Lloyd's Revolutionary Dominic and his fair daughter have retired from business disastrously and disreputably, while Messrs. Henry and Stevenson's Deacon Brodie is in a similarly unenviable plight. By these premature failures a number of well-known actors are left disengaged at a bad time.

Manager Shwab's Side of It.

On Monday last Manager H. C. Shwab, of Pittsburgh, arrived in town on a flying high trip. His first object was to see the city, and some placed under shelter, and others out under the open sky.

At one end of the garden is a pretty, graceful structure of iron, painted white, in the form of a summer-house. This is hung with prisms and lighted with numberless little glass globes of gas, which produce a brilliant effect. Two flower-beds are most unique and striking in appearance. From the centre of each a great mass of ivy is trained up over a large frame shaped like a gigantic umbrella, while the ground below is filled in one bed with tulips, in the other with lilies. At night the effect is magical, for the flowers are small glass globes shaped and colored to resemble the real article, lighted within by gas. A "Bosquet," as it is called, leads off from the garden. This is a winding broad walk among beautiful trees covered with ivy and climbing vines, so arranged as to form numerous little nooks and delis, where tiny waterfalls trickle over the rocks, and seats in cool, secluded spots tempt loving couples that stroll through its mazes. Lighted here and there with colored lanterns, it is a most inviting spot to linger in, especially as strains from the music fall upon one's ear, softened and sweetened by the distance. I do not wonder that the place is well patronized despite the poor rendition of the operas. There is sure to be at least one fine singer in the cast.

For the ridiculous sum of one mark (about twenty-three cents) admission is secured to the entire entertainment. Going the other half past five, we can take our dinner under the trees, and hear at the same time an excellent concert. At seven we have the choice of entering the theatre and listening to whatever opera may be performed, or remaining in the garden and enjoying a concert which continues during the opera. Then the latter over, comes another concert, to which most of the audience remain. The scene then is most brilliant, for the promenades are crowded, and most of the tables are occupied. One mark will not entitle the visitor to a seat in the theatre, but there is plenty of room to stand if he so desires; and the best seats in the house are only three

and named \$1,000 as the figure. We refused to recognize the slightest liability, but offered to give him a later date—if we could come to terms. The Hanlons make the best answer to the charge that we are insolvent by bringing against us a suit for damages. We offered to submit the suit to arbitration, three reputable managers to be selected, and both sides to abide by their decision. We did our best to bring about an amicable settlement, as this bundle of letters will show.

"As to that Judge's opinion quoted in THE MIRROR last week, it was made to order. When it was shown to Judge Acheson, he smiled and said: 'That may be very good newspaper matter, but it is bad law.' Judge Acheson did not hand down a written opinion. He simply refused the injunction, and then proceeded to make a few remarks on the case."

Another "Drama of the Drug."

"I am now negotiating for the production of a new play," said Joseph Haworth to a representative of THE MIRROR recently, "in which I will play the leading role. The play is in four acts, is an adaptation from the French, and deals with a great social evil—that of the constant and habitual use of deadly and dangerous drugs. If anything, the play should be called a modern society tragedy. I have had it several months—it was shown me first by Edward Sotherton—and have been making alterations in it. It is one of the strongest plays of the kind I have ever read, and those managers who have heard it are enthusiastic over it. Manager J. M. Hill is especially well pleased with it."

"The part which I will probably play is that of a young nobleman who disguises himself as an Italian friend for purposes of revenge against a man who has robbed him of his wife's love and in other ways embittered his life. The scene is laid in France. Besides the alterations I have myself made, A. R. Cazarian and a well-known newspaper man are assisting me in making the play better suited for modern production."

Manager Cobbe Arrives and Departs.

John Cobbe, the well-known manager, and partner of H. S. Taylor in the Anglo-American Attraction Agency, arrived on last Sunday week from England by the Alaska, and returned on Tuesday last by the same steamer. To a MIRROR reporter who called on him at the Murray Hill Hotel Mr. Cobbe said:

"My principal mission here is to confer with Mr. Taylor on business connected with the Agency. I have brought over a number of plays, including The Witch, a four-act play from the German, by C. M. Rae, the critic of the Manchester Guardian. It was produced at the Princess Theatre last March, and was revived on the 13th just before I left England. Another is The Agony Column, a farcical comedy in three acts, by Wilton Jones, critic of the Yorkshire Post. The latter has not yet been produced, although it has been accepted by Edward Terry, who has just opened a new theatre in the Strand. The Agony Column is synonymous with the Personal Column in your newspapers here."

"Besides these I have the four-act melodrama of Haunted Lives, which was produced at the Olympic Theatre some three years ago, and is to be revived this season. Its great effect is a ship on fire, entirely different from the explosion scene of The World. The Stow-away is a four-act nautical drama, by Tom Craven. In this play is a yacht built on the stage to take up almost the entire space on the boards, and there is the scene of a collision on the open ocean. Then I have the Drury Lane success, the five-act military drama, by Elliott Galer, entitled A True Story, and another five-act military drama, by the same author, entitled With the Colors."

"We shall follow the production of A Dark Secret with The Royal Mail, which will be in all probability rechristened United States Mail. It is by the same authors, John Douglass and James Willing. It is a strong romantic melodrama in a prologue and four acts. The action of the first scene takes place during the Burmese War, and we see a relief expedition on rafts going down the Irrawaddy. The scene shows the river and one of the cataracts. There is a fall of water from the roof of the stage, and the depth is only limited to the height of his engagement here would be at cities of Holland. This time, as before, effect meeting with phenomenal success. The theatre is crowded night after night, and during his performance in Arnhem and Utrecht, despite the increased prices of admission, the musicians in the orchestra were obliged to cede their places to the public. His opening night at the Grand was on the 1st with Der Bluthochzeit (The Marriage of Blood), an historical drama by Lindner on the massacre of the St. Bartholomew's night in Paris. Since then Possart has given Ein Fallissement, by Bjornstjerne Bjornson; Nathan der Weise, Faust and Richard III. To which of these performances shall I give the preference, and of which shall I speak at greater length? It is a difficult task to decide, when in each and all he is equally great; when, whether as the weak, bigoted and cruel young monarch, Charles IX., as the sedate and precise lawyer of Bjornson's play, as the wise and good Jew, Nathan, of Lessing's exquisite poem, as Mephistopheles in Goethe's masterpiece, or as the crook-backed tyrant of Shakespeare, he is truly magnificent. In person Possart is of medium stature, has a good stage presence, and is gifted with a voice that is a treasure in itself alone. It is full, round, powerful and musical to the last degree, and completely under his control. I can find no other words to express his way of using his voice than to say that he plays upon it as would a finished musician upon an instrument. Salvini's voice, grand as it is, lacks the flexibility of Possart's as well as its fine modulations. As to his facial expression and make-up, or grime, as the French call it, both are unrivalled. I do not remember having ever seen anything better on the stage than, for instance, the sudden change of voice, manner and gesture in the scene of Goethe's tragedy where the young student comes to consult the learned doctor, and Mephistopheles, putting on Faust's gown and cap, surprises the unctuous and sententious tone of a professor discoursing to his pupil. It was a marvellous bit of acting; in truth the whole impersonation of Mephistopheles was a master study, the

pany next year. The cream of both companies will come over, including Nellie Farren, Fred Leslie, Sylvia Gray, Edward Lonnen, Marion Hood, Letty Lind, Charles Ross and the Blanche Sisters. We will bring all the scenery and properties of the Gaiety, sixteen ballet dancers, twelve chorus, and Charles Harris and Meyer Luiz, the musical conductor. The company will sail for Australia on May 1 next, and play there for sixteen weeks. Then they open here on Nov. 30 for a tour of twenty weeks. We are negotiating with several houses, and there is a probability that they will appear here at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. George Edwards, the London manager, will accompany them."

"What arrangements have been made for Wilson Barrett's tour here next season?"

"I know nothing further than that he is coming over," said Mr. Cobbe. "I do not think that I will be with him, as the Attraction Agency business is growing so fast that it will take all my time. In consequence, I have made a new arrangement with Mr. Barrett, which enables me to stay in London and attend to the business of the Agency as well as represent him. We cleared nearly \$5,000 profit on the two weeks that the Dark Secret played in Philadelphia, while the profits are the same in proportion here."

Mr. Cobbe was seen again just before taking his departure for England.

"Regarding the Gaiety company," said he, "all I can say is that all the time we wish in this country is being held for us, although we have not decided on the opening. As regards the plays which the Agency controls, I may state that I have just received a cable from Mr. Roe, the author of The Witch, in which that gentleman tells me that the play was produced at the St. James Theatre, with Sophie Eyre, Mrs. Rae and Henry Neville in the cast, and that it went very well. We have also decided to put the rewriting of The Royal Mail into the hands of C. B. Jefferson, who did some very good work with A Dark Secret. To him will be entrusted the alteration of the piece, and his ideas, as given to me, appear to be excellent."

"Do you return to America soon?"

"Yes, I shall be over again in the Spring. I am arranging now to bring over with me a complete English pantomime company, a powerful syndicate having been formed for that purpose. I also hope to take back with me to England two American stars with whom the Agency is in negotiation."

The Morlacchi Bequest Again.

The following has been received from H. A. McGlenen:

Boston, Oct. 20, 1887.
Dear Sir:—Will you correct the statement which appears in your issue of this date? As executor of the will of Morlacchi, I have not in any way failed to attend to the duties confided to me, nor has the Fund's counsel asked me for reasons for omissions. No necessity has existed to warrant such inquiry. As you are Secretary of the Fund as well as editor of THE MIRROR, your statements are regarded as official, and I protest against the injustice done me by the implication they carry that I have been derelict in my duty. Respectfully yours, H. A. MCGLENNEN.

The article to which Mr. McGlenen takes exception was printed upon information received from A. M. Palmer, President of the Actors' Fund.

"The statement in last week's MIRROR is true to my knowledge in every particular," said A. M. Palmer to the MIRROR representative who called upon him and showed him the above letter. "I did not know, though, that ex-Judge Dittenhoefer had written to Mr. McGlenen. It is true that up to the time prescribed by law the executor had failed to file his statement, but it is also true that, as he claims, he could not do so, as Mr. Pierce, who is the executor of the estate from which Mlle. Morlacchi had inherited the property which she devised to the Actors' Fund, had not yet filed his account, and that therefore he (McGlenen) could not file his statement."

The subject of the Morlacchi bequest has several times engaged the attention of the Board of Trustees of the Fund. At the last meeting, early in October, a resolution was passed requesting Judge Dittenhoefer to communicate with Mr. McGlenen and request a statement.

The Amateur Stage.

THE ARCADIAN IN LEAH THE FORSAKEN.

The capacity of the Brooklyn Athenæum was taxed to its utmost on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, the event being the opening of the current season by the Arcadian Society. The play selected was the old standard favorite, Leah the Forsaken, and the staging of the piece was excellent. Matilda Davis, as Leah, gave a creditable and realistic impersonation of the sorely troubled and confiding Jewess.

Twelfth sello, as Rudolph, was at his best in his address, and scenes of the drama. S. Boston, Mass.

CELIA L. WENTWORTH, work. J. J. Breen, as Character and Comedy Old artistically dropped his Address 25 E. M. Place, acting has im-

ERROLL DUNBAR, Lindeman Ludwig James-Wainwright company of

ERNEST BARTRAM A Night Old Co. Bartram and Burbridge, Managers.

HORACE DE VERNET, Leading Business, with Charles Erin Verner in Shamus O'Brien.

JOSEF HANDEL, Musical Director. At Liberty. Address MIRROR.

LEWIS WHIPPLE, Boys and youths. Address P. O. Box 36, Leadville, Col.

LOUIS EAGAN, Communicate through N. Y. MIRROR or Actors' Fund, New York City.

MR. JAMES L. CARHART, First Old Men. Address 21 W. 31st St., or Simmonds & Brown.

MARIE HILFORD, As Nelly Denver in Silver King Company. En route.

MR. CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Dramatic Author. Address MIRROR.

MR. G. D. CHAPLIN, Address 245 W. 11th street, New York.

MISS STELLA REES, With Robert Downing, Season 1887-8.

OSCAR EAGLE, Re-engaged with Miss Helene Adell.

PROF. LA DARE, Stage Dancing, Grouping, Posing, Minuet, etc., taught. No 1 Fifth Avenue, New York.

delineation of the woman-hater, Rolando. C. T. Catlin, as Balhazar, was strong, and received a good share of approbation, while J. W. Noble, Minert Henry and G. H. Boneman did their work exceptionally well in their respective parts of Jacques, Campillo and Pedro. The hit of the evening was made by J. Jordan Darling as Lopez. He fairly convulsed the audience. Nellie Yale Nelson gave a self-possessed and characteristic rendition of the haughty Juliana, and Annie Hyde won hearty good will and applause by her piquante Volante. Alice Chapin Ferris made a charming and beautiful Zamora.

The costumes were very elaborate, and lent a pleasant and distinct feature to the entertainment. The scenery and settings were mostly appropriate, although the long and frequent waits taxed the patience of many.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE.

The St. Augustine gave the initial performance of their third season at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Thursday evening, Oct. 27. The play presented was billed as Comotion. However, it turned out to be no less (or more, for the matter of that) than 7-30 8. W. J. McCall made a good and very amusing old gentleman in the part of Frederick Larkins. J. W. Redmond, as Paul Dawson, was fair. J. A. Prendergast, as Herbert Selwyn, was very good. J. F. Munter, as Dr. Winklebury, did a clever bit of eccentric comedy. As Signor Tamborini, Thomas A. York was the best in the cast. Of the ladies, Miss Libbie Healey, as Rosa, carried off the honors. Miss M. Maginn, as Maud, and Fannie Rorke, as Mrs. Larkins, may be credited with meritorious work.

NOTES.

The Asarath announces Everybody's Friend for its performance at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Nov. 9. The cast consists of Alfred Young, Frederick Bowers, Percy G. Williams, John Demos, Ada Woodruff, Charles Halloway, Jr., and Ella G. Greene.

It has been decided by the Amateur Opera Association to substitute The Chimes of Normandy for The Mascotte at the inaugural representation this season, which takes place at the Brooklyn Academy on Dec. 22.

The St. Augustine Dramatic Society of Brooklyn has placed 7-30 8 in rehearsal. The society knows to Brooklynites as St. Paul's Lyceum propose to present David Garrick some time during the winter. The Brooklyn will give the same piece at a church festival on Nov. 9.

The Kemble has selected Ours for its initial performance at the Brooklyn Academy on Nov. 15. The cast will comprise Matilda Davis, Douglas Montgomery and Deane Pratt.

Society amateurs are to appear in Gilbert's Broken Hearts at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, early in December.

The Melpomene is making active preparations for the current season, and it is to be hoped that they will repeat some of their good work of last season.

Mrs. Matilda Davis, on the strength of her presentation of Leah the Forsaken with the Arcadian, has received offers from two Brooklyn managers, and it is possible that the residents of that city will shortly have the pleasure of seeing her at one of the local theatres in a repertoire consisting of Leah, The Wife's Secret, Plot and Passion and Camille.

The Lyceum corps are talking of engaging the Academy of Music to produce Othello in the latter part of January.

Ira H. Moore is going to give another rendition of his personal Shylock. However, it is good. Let us hope that the support will prove worthy.

Professional Doings.

—George O. Starr is now guiding his business hand over all of G. B. Bunnell's interests, though he is still the manager of the Starr Opera company.

—The largest business on tour in New England is being done by Jim the Penman. By far the largest business, it might be said.

—Corinne opened at Shaw and Jacobs' Toronto Opera House on Monday night to the largest house of the season.

—Lucy Taylor is winning many admirers by her performance of Dahlia in Gardiner's Zoo. She is talented, young and pretty.

—Edward E. Kidder is writing a new topical song for his comedy of Philopotes, which is reported to have made quite a hit in Harlem.

—Charles H. Bradshaw has been engaged to play Gourmand in William H. Gillette's Great Pink Pearl company.

—George S. Knight, who has secured the Fourteenth Street Theatre for four weeks, is negotiating for a continuance of time at that house.

—Victor Gutmann writes that his differences with the management of the Three Corners company are healed, and he continues as business manager.

—Davis and Co.'s Collection Agency, 177 1/2 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, makes a specialty of cancelled dates.

—A first-class attraction is wanted at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for Christmas week. W. L. Allen may be addressed in the matter.

—Fannie Bernard is at liberty for jobbing or for a permanent engagement. Her line is juveniles or non-brettes.

—The new Ameshury (Mam) Opera House was formally opened last Saturday night by Louis Aldrich in My Partner. The crowd was greater than the house could accommodate.

—Herman Nunnemacher has open time at the Palace Theatre, Milwaukee, and the Grand Opera House, Oshkosh, Wis.

—Aaron Rogers, son of Frank Rogers, the author of Mrs. Langtry's adaptation of As in a Looking Glass, has arrived in the city from London. Young Rogers brings several new plays from his father's pen.

—D. B. Hughes, formerly scenic artist of Heuch's Opera House, Cincinnati, will be connected in similar capacity with the Casino now being erected in that city.

—Jennie Leland, the soubrette of A Soap Bubble, will retire at the close of this week, and her role of La La Dodge be assumed by Dolly Foster, of the same company, promoted.

—Last Friday night, Jul. S. Kusel was suddenly called upon to play Badger in The Streets of New York. Mr. Boniface having such a severe cold that he was unable to speak. Mr. Kusel was not so very bad in the part.

—The New Whitney Opera House, Detroit, opened on Monday night with R. L. Scott, Harry Mills and Marguerite Fish in A Chip of the Old Block. The house was packed and the piece was a great go.

—William J. Humphrey, of Marie Prescott's company, will be disengaged after Nov. 12. In Miss Prescott's support he has been playing Orlando, Duke of THESSALONIA, Romeo, etc.

—39 E. 24th street and Edward M. Faver are on the new play as a companion to A Box of Nerves, now in its third year and playing to

842 Broadway. Professionals will find pleasant rooms and dining private bath-rooms, at 425 Broadway. The house is bus. ten minutes' ride.

I have opened an office at the Arcade, N. Y., has been purpose of forming tours for stars and with new scenery, lecturing royalties and arranging with will share or rent. I am agent for the following works: Ag and holiday

Led Astray, How She Loves Him, Forth, Fornosa, Flying Scud, Elie, After Dark, Hunt Pa., will pay

Foot Play, Lost at Sea, Vice Versa, Jezebel, Steel or Light Robert Emmet (new), Jennie Deans, Jessie Brown, or any

leen Bawn, The Shaughraun, Arrah-na-Pogue and Mac-Cool.

MRS. R. M. LELAND.

C. R. GARDINER, Proprietor.

ZOZO, THE MAGIC QUEEN. ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER. ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

FATE, by Bartley Campbell. MURKARTY THE CORPORAL. HE, SHE, HIM AND HER.

THE REGENT'S DIAMOND. ROSELE, "not a Farmer's Daughter."

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TONINA AND LILY ADAMS. As Cissy and Ned in Miner's Silver King company. En route.

WILLIAM J. HUMPHREY. Orlando, Duke Orsino, Bassanio, Romeo, etc. Disengaged after Nov. 12.

NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at 145 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first street, by THE MIRROR NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Proprietors.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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NEW YORK, - - NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Aldrich, Louis
Abell, Florence
Burt, Laura
Barry, Lawrence
Buckner, Jessie
Bennett, Jessie
Banga, Frank C.
Burgess, Neil
Brett, Jeannette L.
Bishop, W. H.
Black, Georgia
Burke, John T.
Brustein, Jeff.
Calico, Myron
Charles, Maria
Clark, Duncan
Carson, James
Carpenter, A. S.
Cassidy, Hal
Campbell, C. J.
Coleman, Edward
Carver, F. F.
Colburn, Kirkland
Chapman, E. T.
Cooper, Fred E.
Clark, Redfield
Chambers, Augusta
Chapman, Robert
Canton, W. J.
Durban, Sidney
Decker, J. H. (Tel.)
De Vere, G. F.
De Witt, Harry
Davis, Tillie
Elliott, John A.
Elin, Lillian
Feld, Francis M.
Feyrer, A. H.
Gray, Alice
Gray, Marion
Goodwin, Frank
Grove, Clay M.
Goldstone, John H.
Hastings, Marie
Hall, Edward T.
Harkins, D. H.
Hayden, Martin
Hall, and Miller
Hill, A. D.
Hawley, Hallie
Hillis, Oskan
Hatcher, Jessie
Hendry, Clarence
Johnson, Louis
Javins, O. T.
Jacks, Mma.
Jefferson, C. E.
Jennsch, Mma.
Kent, Charles
King, S. E.
Korwin, Marie (Tel.)
Keller, John E.
Lalith, R. W.
Lodie, Irene
Logan, Anthony

Lewis, Lillian
Litt and Davis
Lane, Ed H.
Lewis, Horace
Leone, Henry
Lyach, Mark
Maris, Stella
McAllister, Miss
Mandum, Charles
Mason, A.
Madero, Jules
Mayo, E. F.
Mila, G. C.
Mader, Clara Fisher
Morison, Lindsay
Miller, Regina
Montaine, Clarence
Mott, Joseph, Frank
McVillie, Charles
Murray, Dominick
Maynard, Emily
Newborough, W. H.
Mason, Helen A.
Nicholson, Paul
Newman, J. K. (Tel.)
Olson, C. J.
Paler, C. G.
Physic, Joseph
Pond, Anna
Riegel, C. N.
Raymond, Fred
Reddick, Floss
Rach, W. F.
Robb, Annie
Robertson, Nelson
Roberts, C. W.
Rosa, Willie
Standish, Helen
Sammis, G. W.
Stargis, Mr.
Saxton, Marguerite
Sands, W. A.
Smiley, J. H.
Smiley, John
Solomon, Edgar
Star, Mgr.
Stanger, Harry C.
Seymour, Nellie
Stoddard, Harry
Spencer, Agnes
Stevens, R. H.
Sterling, May
Toni, E.
Thorne, K. D.
Van Veghten, Owen
Williams, Fitz
Waters, Frank
Wilson, H. S.
West, Thomas
Wheeler, A. L.
Waters, John
Willard, Charles
Wiley, G. W.
Wolf, E. O.
Wemmerman, H. Mrs.
Wood, Daisy
X (Tel.)
Young, Mark

yet he goes scot free and keeps on plying his dragonet as lively as ever. Here is the point. These mythical utterances are of an intangible character, and too unsubstantial to found an action at law upon them. The sportsman keeps his duck-boat skirting around the edges and bags such birds as he is sure will not squawk, so that these ambitious explorers have the wide field of "innocuous desuetude" to disport in, scudding away jauntily without fear of the shotgun or legal handicap or handcuff.

And here we may incidentally suggest as one reason why Mr. Rider Haggard's latitudinous stories are so eagerly welcomed by the press is that he is the very king-pin of exaggeration and ingenious padding. We hope we may say that the dramatic reporter, properly so called, is less open to the lure of the syren inasmuch as he deals with facts, and if he strays into forbidden grounds he can be easily brought to the bar.

As far as the dramatic critic departs from literal statements, it is mainly in endorsing plays and performers with numerous eulogistic adjectives wide of the mark to fill out the costumes and to furnish up the empty eidolon of the stage. It is pleasing, however, to take note that the press generally has in regard to the theatre, at the present season, used more prudence in accepting performances and shown the ability to discriminate and be governed by stricter and higher standards in passing judgment upon the presentations of the theatres. The sympathetic reception of the better sort of plays is an indication in the same direction and gives promise of an improved condition of the drama.

*The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be published on Saturday, Dec. 10. Price, 25 cents. Advertisements received until Nov. 26.

Cart Before the Horse.

Our readers, we hope, understand that it is the province of THE MIRROR to encourage and develop all the better elements which show themselves in the dramas of the day, in the belief that the wholesome growths will in time crowd out the weeds and parasitical plants. We do not desire to accept the present as the climax and perfection of dramatic work. One would suppose there could be no other than universal concurrence in this view of the situation.

The plays must be, as a general thing, taken with an allowance. When we send forth our clippers upon the histrionic racing waters, and we find whatever speed we have made, we cannot fail to note that we are yet falling to leeward, and that foreign coasters are a long way in the fore.

This is the fact, but judging by actual observation it is doubtful whether there are not many contributors to the current press in an editorial capacity even here in the great Metropolis who can not entertain two ideas at a time even upon so plain a case. One of these perfunctory proponents, in a recent issue of a popular daily, notifies us that New York is rapidly becoming the chief dramatic and lyric city of the world.

We see that it is "rapidly becoming," but we do not see that it is "come." What drama has New York created? What lyric composition? Strain our eyes as we may, the home-born tragedy does not show itself—sharpen our ears and the opera of native origin gives no note.

The eulogist of achievements that have not been achieved condones his default by pleading an innocent *non nobis*, and demonstrates his fitness to pass judgment upon an aesthetic issue with this protocol: "In the number and comfort of its theatres, in the finish and splendor of its plays and operas, and in the fullness of provision made to please its audiences, its progress is so well defined, and indeed so emphatic, that the claim we thus put forth will soon be realized, if it is not warranted already."

This is obviously a case of cart before the horse: the cart is loaded to the scantlings, but the horse—the motive power—is not there; at least not the divine Pegasus we would like to see. "Finish and splendor of its plays and operas," we take to mean the gilding of the vehicle.

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Personal.

ARONSON.—Rudolph Aronson is writing a new waltz, entitled "Bright Blue Eyes."

BELGARDE.—Adele Belgarde has been engaged to play the leading role in The Soggarth.

VANDENHOFF.—Henry Vandenhoff has been engaged for the part of the priest in The Soggarth.

ARMSTRONG.—Sydney Armstrong is reported ill at her home with a severe attack of rheumatism.

MARLOWE.—Julia Marlowe, Manager R. E. J. Miles' protegee, is the daughter of a Cincinnati hotel-keeper.

ROSS.—McCullough, Ross, of Jefferson's company, is in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

HARRIGAN.—Edward Harrigan celebrated his forty-third birthday on Tuesday of this week. He looks to be younger.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern is playing in The Highest Bidder at the New National Theatre, Washington, to nightly increasing receipts.

LE BARON.—Lisette Le Baron is meeting with marked recognition from the press in her performance of Rachel Westwood in Woman Against Woman.

GILLETTE.—Fanny Gillette was given a very warm greeting on the opening of Monbars in Newark on Monday night. She shared honors with Mr. Mantell.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather opened in Romeo and Juliet at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night. The house was large and very friendly.

LYON.—Miss Esther Lyon, Miss Kate Claxton's leading lady, would like to impress it upon newspaper men and others that she spells her name L-Y-O-N.

BOUCAULT.—Dion Boucault has re-awakened the enthusiasm and interest of the Bostonians with The Shaughraun, which has been playing to large business.

ALLEN.—Viola Allen is meeting with marked success in her impersonation of the leading dual role in Hoodman Blind. Miss Allen's performance is original, she having never seen the play before entering its cast.

LEONARD.—G. Herbert Leonard is temporarily engaged with Joseph Jefferson. At very short notice he played Falkland in The Rivals, McCullough Ross being taken ill. Mr. Leonard remains with the company until the end of this week.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans is coming East to assume the role of Ustane in the Hayman-Gillette production of She at Niblo's. Miss Evans was the original in R. C. White's dramatization (the first), produced at the Tivoli, San Francisco, last Summer.

ROACH.—James Connor Roach expresses himself as never feeling better in his life than during his present starring tour in Dan Darcy in New England. He certainly can congratulate himself on the luck that brought him under the managerial wing of Mr. Hill.

VAUGHN.—Theresa Vaughn, the bright particular star of Mestayer's Tobogganing, has made the hit of her life in the role of Persia, and is receiving flattering criticisms from press and public. Next season Miss Vaughn will star in an adaptation from the French by W. A. Mestayer, entitled Sugar-Coated.

GREENWALL.—The mother and sisters of the late R. S. Wires, who died suddenly in Dallas, Texas, recently, have written letters to Henry Greenwall expressing deep thanks for the care taken of their son and brother during his last hours, and asking him to remember them to others who smoothed the pillow of the dying.

MANTELL.—Robert Mantell opened in Monbars at Miner's Newark Theatre on Monday evening. The audience was large and more than kindly disposed toward the actor. At the close of the third act he was recalled three times, the audience rising to their feet. State officials, including the Governor, and a carload of New Yorkers were present.

MCDOWELL.—Melbourne McDowell is receiving excellent notices from the press regarding his work as Boris Ipanoff in support of Fanny Davenport in Fedora. It is held that he is not an imitator of any of the actors who have played the part before him, but that his points are original and honestly earned. He will be given the leading male part in La Tosca when it is produced, most probably in this city this Winter.

The Soggarth.

"The preparations for the production of The Soggarth are progressing to my entire satisfaction," said Manager Charles B. Welles, yesterday, "and we will open with one of the best plays and strongest companies on the road. No expense is being spared in any direction. Mr. Goatcher is putting the finishing touches to one of the finest pieces of work he has ever done. It is an Irish glen by moonlight. The scenery is all new and very elaborate. Our printing will not take second place of any on the road. Matt Morgan has finished what he admits is one of the best pieces of work of his life. It is a gold and bronze medallion, something entirely new and striking. The Strobbridge and Thomas lithograph houses are also turning out some beautiful work for us."

"We have fixed upon Nov. 21 as the date of opening. We play in Rochester Thanksgiving week. Thence we go to Toronto, Detroit (Hooley's Theatre, two weeks), Indianapolis, Louisville and Cincinnati, returning to the city for a run of four weeks at the Star Theatre in January. Frank G. Cotter is my assistant manager. Does Mr. Oliver Byron appear in the piece? No. Mr. Byron is deeply interested in the financial management—that is all. A great many people have imbibed the impression that The Soggarth is a melodrama because of Mr. Byron's association with the management. On the contrary, it is a high class drama of modern life, and is entirely out of Mr. Byron's line. Mr. Byron remains on the road with The Inside Track."

"There is no better proof of the strength of the play than the fact that last week we signed

a contract with Manager Field, of the Boston Museum, for its production at his house next month. Mr. Field is very enthusiastic over it, and is making extensive preparations for the production. There is something entirely new and startling in the development of the plot, which has never been seen on the stage, and it is sure to create a sensation. We feel very confident of repeating the success the play has made abroad."

The Big Academy Again Changes Hands.

The Academy of Music was sold on Monday last by William P. Douglas to Eugene Tompkins, manager of the Boston Theatre, Boston, and Edward G. Gilmore, manager of Niblo's Garden, for the sum of \$365,000. A large sum of money was paid down, and it was decided that the new owners should come into possession on Nov. 28.

Mr. Tompkins is the manager who secured the Fifth Avenue Theatre from May 1. He is a young man who, while never occupying a position in which he was not well before the theatrical public, with each season comes more into the foreground. To a MIRROR reporter who met him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel he said:

"It is the intention of Mr. Gilmore and myself, who become partners in this enterprise, to carry on the Academy of Music the same as I carry on the Boston Theatre—for combinations and productions. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, here I shall devote to combinations. Theatrically speaking, I consider the Academy of Music a fine piece of property and that we have secured it cheap. I look upon it to-day as a better investment than ever before, the run of A Dark Secret showing that the general public will patronize it when the attraction is of the class they care to see. We have the benefit of the knowledge while some one else took the risk of experiment."

"Mr. Douglas claims that he comes out of the investment all right. We had been negotiating only since last Friday. His reason for parting with the house, I believe, was simply that he was not familiar with theatrical business. He found that it would take up his entire time, and this he could not give. Following A Dark Secret, Booth and Barrett will appear at the Academy; then will come Kiralfy's production of Muzium, and then Barnay, the German tragedian. This will bring us up to the latter part of March. Further than that no attractions will be booked. If you notice, we have rather a corner on big houses. There is the Boston Theatre, Niblo's Garden, the Fifth Avenue and the Academy of Music. The Academy and Boston will work together on large productions. As it has been my custom to have a big melodramatic or spectacular production in Boston every year for a number of years, it will be quite easy to move any such pieces right over to this city."

"I do not intend to take up my residence here, though I will, of course, spend a good deal of my time in New York. Great alterations and improvements will be made in the Academy next Summer. We have not settled upon a scale of prices, but the popular basis will be preserved."

The Prosperous Homestead.

"Our business here at Niblo's Garden has been and is now something phenomenal," said E. A. McFarland, manager of Denman Thompson, to a MIRROR reporter. "Mr. Gilmore tells me that it is the biggest business that has been known in this theatre for fifteen years, or ever since he came into possession. Ever since the first night—we opened to one of the largest houses ever gathered at this house—the orchestra has occupied the lobby of the balcony, matinees and all. Up at the Fourteenth Street Theatre the orchestra was placed in the gallery; but here we can't afford even that."

"This week and next we continue at Niblo's, and then we go to the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn. Then we return to the scene of Mr. Thompson's first triumphs in Joshua Whitcomb and The Old Homestead—the Fourteenth Street Theatre—opening for a season of five weeks on Nov. 21. The gross receipts for the four weeks here will be about \$40,000. As for next year, we have received very flattering offers from J. M. Hill, John Sietson Eugene Tompkins, J. W. Rosenquest and E. G. Gilmore, not alone to come to the houses which they manage, but to open at them and stay there the entire season. We had booked four weeks at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, but that engagement will probably be cancelled, and the chances are that the play will be seen here for an entire season."

Monumental City Mems.

Dr. Kane, the well-known theatrical litterateur and deliver in the mine of stage reminiscence, is sojourning in the city. Wherever he may happen to tarry something from his pen appears in the local dailies; and the Metropolis is no exception. He always has something pleasing and interesting to write of the stage and its people. Two columns on the Ballet recently appeared in a leading New York daily. The veteran writer comes to New York from Baltimore, and to a MIRROR reporter he discoursed a little upon theatricals in the Monumental City.

"Manager Harris' Academy of Music," said the Doctor, "is having phenomenal success this season. From \$4,000 to \$5,000 a week is taken at popular prices. Visitors are particularly struck with the elegance of the entrance to this house. The interior, too, is the realization of comfort. In his circuit of theatres, the Academy is Harris' particular pet. All his houses are models—Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington being the quintessence over which he watchfully presides. Harris entered the amusement field through a small theatrical tent, and as a manager he has come to stay. All his theatres are flourishing. Business integrity and unwearying labor have brought him to the front."

"I am sorry to report the illness of M. nager John W. Albaugh. He is now on his farm near the city. I hope he will soon be himself again. John T. Ford is wrapped up in John Sleeper Clarke, who is a comparative success. It's a pity that Clarke, who is a Baltimorean, should be somewhat forgotten; but he is paying the penalty of remaining too long abroad. I hope he will recover the lost ground."

"Dan Kelly is doing well with his Front Street Theatre. He doesn't strike too high, and touches the temper of his patrons to a T. He gives them stirring melodrama in solid

chunks. Kernan's Monumental is another successful Baltimore amusement resort. It is long-established and its patrons are loyal to the core."

Letters to the Editor.

MANAGER SNEELAKER'S EXPLANATION.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1887.
Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—In reply to Mr. Stevenson's letter I merely wish to state that I refused to take out his C. O. D. unless a guarantee was given that his contract was cancelled. The agent refused to do so, and I gave him notice that unless he furnished the paper to bill the town on the following day I should cancel his contract. The agent failed to get his paper out, on the following day, but agreed to accept the terms of contract without guarantee. These are the facts in the case.
Respectfully yours,
J. E. SNEELAKER.

NEW YORK VITUPERATIVE JOURNALISM.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13, 1887.
Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—Your objections to the unprovoked personalities of the San Francisco press were very much in order, and a distant Californian says, "Well, don't Mr. MIRROR and Nym Crinkle." The baleful rays of this tarnished San Francisco press are transmitted across the Continent, and our mob is regaled each fine morning in all the daily papers with a distorted view of an unfortunate woman. What villainy, such newspaper enterprise! There is a growing conviction in the minds of many quiet people, who do their own thinking despite the dark-lantern press patrol, that certain journals which are forever howling reform thus reform that by their own cowardly jacksonian proclivities stand in most need of reform themselves. Gifted with vituperation, the journals prostitute a noble art for the slimy dollar.
OLD PLAY-GORR.

ADVANCE CARPENTER-WORK.

WOOSTER, O., Oct. 20.

Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—It may appear unkind to spoil the fairy story sent to last week's MIRROR by my friend, Branch O'Brien, relative to the marvellously short time in which he erected the mammoth (?) bill-board at Newark, N. Y., and I would not do so if I was not connected with a strictly moral show, and my love for truth compels me to deny his assertion that we have any paper representing "bloodhounds chasing flies up the golden stairs." To those who are acquainted with Mr. O'Brien's imaginative powers, it is necessary to state that the erection of the board in question was begun two hours before his arrival in town by the owner of the Opera House, and that although Branch remained there a half day, it wasn't completed when he left for Lyons. Perhaps Mr. O'Brien will explain how he was able to get a "stand" of paper, twenty-four sheets in length, on board erected between two buildings forty feet apart.
Yours very truly,
A. J. WILDES,
Agent Abbey's U. T. C. Co.

RE-ENTER "ANXIOUS INQUIRER."

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.

Editor New York Mirror:
THE MIRROR last week did Mr. R. C. White an injustice in supposing he was in collusion with Anxious Inquirer. The authors of the same were only taken as an example. Some informed, and it was, furnished, although the main question, "Is not the appropriation of an ad as reprehensible as the pirating of lines?" was evaded. The position taken by THE MIRROR, however, is sound and cannot be reasonably controverted.

Anxious Inquirer has often wondered at the look of expression on the part of the profession, the rank and file of which appears to be so actively engaged in delineating the expressions of their own minds, and does not wonder to see them, outside of managers and advance agents, who are seeking after their immediate personal interests, the profession appears to be dumb. It never asks a question or has a suggestion to offer in relation to its own business, and "dry-as-dust facts," as others see them, is the result.

Anxious Inquirer does not desire to be too inquisitive, but would like to know if Mr. MIRROR believes the concentration of the management of several theatres in the hands of the same person is for the best interest of the profession? Does it not have a tendency to bill attractions without regard either to ability or novelty for the season to the detriment of real merit, and does it not tend to fill the companies, if not the profession, with inexperienced people to the injury of professionals who have made the dramatic art a study? Is not this one of the chief reasons why so many professional people are out of employment this season, while companies on the road have largely increased?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

"And You Takes Your Choice."

NOT GRACEFUL OR FASCINATING.

The World.

She is a pretty woman, with a fragile and by no means a sensuous figure, an intelligent face and a head of beautiful bronze hair. It cannot be said that she is graceful or fascinating in action, but she is ladylike. She is neither as robust nor as tall as Langtry, but she has a soft, womanly charm of ideality that is not seen in Langtry's vital beauty, and she was dressed in a simple luxuriance that caught the eye.

GRACEFUL IN POSE AND GESTURE.

The Herald.

Though graceful in pose and often so in gesture, she lacks somewhat in simplicity in all she does.

MOVES HER ARMS CLUMSILY.

The Times.

She has not yet overcome the tendency to move her arms clumsily, and is not yet proficient in the use of gesture to emphasize or illumine the meaning of the text.

DEFIES STAGE POWDER.

The Journal.

It is a beauty of face that it is hard to describe, for mobility is one of its charms, and it can defy the dishevelment of the hair or the accident of the stage powder.

TOO MUCH BLACK AND RED.

The Star.

Mrs. Potter is so young and good-looking that it seems unfortunate she should have been taught to make up so much with black and red. Undoubtedly she will improve in every particular.

UNABLE TO SHOW HER EMOTIONS.

The Herald.

If the lady will give more variety to her delivery, for at times she was distressingly monotonous, she will make an even better impression than she did last night. She also was at times unable to show by the expression of her face her emotions.

EFFECTIVE IN EXPRESSION.

The Times.

She expressed the various emotions effectively with her newly-acquired skill, though not with equal strength in all the scenes.

NO EXPRESSION.

The World.

She has no variation of facial expression; she cannot thrill with her own emotions. She is too self-conscious to lose herself for a moment in her work.

A BRILLIANT FUTURE.

The Journal.

Her acting, about which so much curiosity existed, proved to be much better than the reports were led to suppose. Her voice is good and her tones clear, though she apparently cultivates the French falling, giving a nasal tone to love passages. There is a little too much of the tragedy-queen in her manner for a modern play with occasional slightly humorous touches. She is apt to be a little stilted, in fact, and is self-conscious, though not to a disagreeable degree. She is very graceful; your women lend themselves to this easily, and as she is earnest, painstaking, intelligent and beautiful, she has a brilliant future before her.

NO FITNESS FOR THE STAGE.

The World.

She made her appearance in a lamentably puerile play and she kept strictly aloof from its puerility if not of its wearisomeness, and never for one moment broke the surface of its dull platitudinous correctness with any betrayal of special fitness for the work she has undertaken with so much acclaim.

SHE IS AN ACTRESS.

The Times.

She has overcome the negative faults of her amateur acting. She has learned how to walk and how to stand upon the stage. She has acquired the ability to sustain a character throughout a long play. She has developed her taste, and increased her knowledge of pictorial effect.

SHE IS NOT AN ACTRESS.

The World.

She is, in fact, so far as this week's debut is concerned, no better and no worse than an amateur. She is a society girl, with a little coaching and a little money, can walk through a part with form and feat, but she has credit from her immediate friends.

The Usher.



Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Fifth avenue has four notable corners at the intersection of Twenty-first street. On one stands a church, on another the big building occupied by THE MIRROR and the Actors' Fund Association, on the third the Union Club, and over the way the Lotos. An actress was heard to remark, musingly, as she surveyed the scene from a window in the Fund offices the other day: "Here we have a curious conjunction. If the Reverend Candler of Nashville were present he would say it represented Salvation, Recreation and Damnation."

In leisure moments from my sanctum observatory I study the men and manners of the habitués of the two clubs across the street. At the Lotos they drink whiskey and apollinaris and read THE MIRROR and Art Amateur beside a cheery soft-coal fire. Up above in the restaurant Mr. Pigott is constantly eating blue points and telling a trembling waiter that the Bass is flat. Stephen Fiske recalls the glories of the Savage in other days and Chondos Fulton convinces Judge Gedney that Brougham and Bacon wrote Boucicault.

Over at the Union the windows are jammed in the afternoons by burly, red-faced, bleary men with military moustaches, haunted by a fear that some pretty woman may pass without having her ankles and features stared at and her morals speculated upon. These veteran satyrs are continually pressing their ruddy noses against the spacious panes, which fortunately keep in their vulgar comments, else decent women would pass on the other side of the way. They drink cocktails and swear the bluest oaths known in christendom.

The Lotos' last Saturday night, by the way, was a delightful event. A count of the professionals in the throng revealed clever actors, who kept the clubmen and their guests most agreeably entertained from ten o'clock until two in the morning.

A Pennsylvania manager writes: "I was pleased to read the communication of Albert, of Chattanooga, relative to the gross inaccuracies of Miner's Directory. No doubt somebody is making money out of the book, and allowing Mr. Miner something for the use of his name. A reliable, truthful guide-book would be of great value to the profession. Such a book has not yet appeared. Some of the mistakes in the Directory I have noted: Allentown, G. C. Aschbach should be L. Newhard; Erie, William H. Sell is not the manager; Harrisburg, H. J. Steele is not the manager; Mahanoy City, C. Metz is not the manager; Philadelphia, there has been no Haverly's Theatre for some years; Gorman is not the manager of the Arch Street Opera House; the Temple Theatre was destroyed by fire over a year ago; Reading, the old Academy was destroyed in 1885; Shamokin has a new theatre, which is not the old one; Tamaqua, here there is an opera house—not Litzinger Hall. Does such a Directory direct?"

It seems to me that if this manager wished to have a reliable guide he would aid the publishers of the present directories by sending them a list of such errors as he has discovered and noted in his letter to me. Unless local managers assist in the annual work of revision it is of course apparent that the several guides will contain—as they unquestionably do—a good many mistakes.

The London Stage, in speaking of the production of A Dark Secret in this city, says: "In spite of the 'high art' creed which THE NEW YORK MIRROR so rightly preaches, and in obedience to the love of novelty to which the New York play-goer subordinates everything else, it is undoubtedly 'caught on' and went with the 'snap' which the American critic looks for and remarks."

In loving novelty I don't think the New York play-goer differs from his London cousin; but as to the intelligence play-goer of this or any other metropolis subordinating everything else to this love—that is sheer nonsense. A Dark Secret, my esteemed contemporary should recollect, had its origin in the modern Babylon. That there is a large public that demands no allegiance to the tenets of the high-art creed—which both the Stage and THE MIRROR uphold—when it goes with its best girl to the play, is as true over there as here. The theatre must of necessity, alas! be as "many-sided as the community that supports it." The critic's duty is to classify the various forms of entertainment, adjust their merits and shortcomings according to the particular standards accepted in each, but over and above all to encourage wherever and whenever it is possible such achievements as advance the aesthetic progress of the stage and increase the public taste for intellectual and artistic recreation.

Ajeeb, the alleged automaton that is one of

the permanent attractions at the Eden Musée, is a perpetual source of curiosity and wonderment, particularly among the rural visitor to the waxworks show. There is more than one crank about the figure. Almost every night an excitable young Englishman pays admission to play checkers with his silent and Turkish Nibbs. Generally he is badly beaten, but now and then he manages to resolve a game into a draw. He says he thinks the automaton is directed by an electrical attachment. Many are credulous enough to suppose that it works mechanically. No electric connection is possible, for the box on which the figure sits is clear of the floor and concealment would be out of the question. Besides, the game could not be played thus by any confederate in the room without detection. Of course the theory that the figure is really automatic is absurd. A man can make a machine that will move, but he cannot put into it brains that will enable it to think. Ajeeb's massive interior unquestionably contains a man—a truncated man, perhaps, but still a human being—who looks out upon the checker-board and works the mechanical hand that makes the moves. When the testy German woman who exhibits the figure unlocks the doors in the breast and the pedestal through which the spectator looks and sees a quantity of dusty, unused wires and cogs and wheels placed there to deceive, it will be noticed that there is sufficient intervening space to effectually conceal a man of medium proportions, or for a legless individual to picnic in. Probably the confederate is a relative of the Teutonic exhibitor; for when an inquisitive visitor started to estimate the available interior space by measuring the outside with his cane, the other night, the fair-haired dame indignantly hissed "Rats!" and imperiously waded him away. Although Ajeeb is a fraud, he is at all events a clever and amusing one.

Lester Victor was for the three past seasons a member of Aimee's company, and he sends me some brief recollections of her that I print in view of the meagreness of the once brilliant artist's posthumous fame. "I had occasion to notice that Aimee's affection for her dog was most surprising," writes the actor. "She possessed a sky-terrier named Jacques, who, by the way, had the peculiar habit of getting lost at least once a month. On these occasions she would be beside herself with grief and offer most generous rewards. At the first rehearsal of Mam'zelle at Wallack's Theatre, about three years ago, while I was making threatening gestures at Aimee (according to the business in the part) Jacques, who had been watching me from the wings, became displeased at my antics and made a spring for my necktie, part of which he carried away."

"I saw poor Aimee in New York last Summer, a few days before she sailed for France. She spoke of the recent death of her mother and remarked that she had now not a living relative. She stated that she intended to undergo an operation in Paris, but did not consider it dangerous. In a jocular way I said: 'Madam, what becomes of your property when you die?' She pointed to Jacques, saying, 'That is my heir.'"

"I understand, however, that she left her entire little fortune to the Orphans' Dramatic Fund in France."

And yet, notwithstanding Aimee's charity, which was often generously extended to her own professional countrymen, scarcely a representative of the Paris stage attended her funeral. Poor Aimee! The memories of her good deeds, like the echoes of her mirth and melody, have faded into oblivion.

I am glad to see that Dion Boucicault has brought suit for \$50,000 damages against a daily paper that recently traduced him in the most brutal and unwarrantable manner. Libel cases generally go the wrong way in this city, where the value of character in the community has been lowered to nil by a licentious press; but I trust that Boucicault will be able to teach his detractors a severe lesson in this case.

The Reverend Nashville Candler's denunciation of the stage seems to be having a sort of boomerangish result so far as the dramatic parsons and church lights are concerned. Mr. Lloyd's Revolutionary Dominic and his fair daughter have retired from business disastrously and disreputably, while Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's Deacon Brodie is in a similarly unenviable plight. By these premature failures a number of well-known actors are left disengaged at a bad time.

Manager Shwab's Side of It.

On Monday last Manager H. C. Shwab, of Pittsburg, arrived in town on a flying visit as a trip. His first objective point was THE MIRROR office, and he came armed with a formidable bundle of documents bearing upon the legal controversy between the Hanlon Brothers and Gulick and Shwab, managers of the Bijou Theatre, Pittsburg. The documentary array certainly put a new face upon the controversy. A perusal of the correspondence showed that it was of a conciliatory nature up to July of this year, and that the Hanlons then began to take the aggressive. After reading such parts of the letters as bore upon the matter in dispute, Manager Shwab made this statement:

"When Mr. Chalet retired from partnership in the Bijou Theatre we shouldered none of his contracts. For proof of this see advertisement in MIRROR of April last, wherein managers holding contracts were asked to communicate with us. We told the Hanlons that if they could produce a written contract we would fulfil it. We simply held the week of Oct. 23 for them. All theatrical men know the meaning of 'holding time.' Mr. Chalet swore that he and I made a contract with the Hanlons on Oct. 25, 1886. Agent Stern swore that he telegraphed a contract on Nov. 22, about a month later. In a nutshell, the dispute was, over terms. We wanted better terms for '87 than were made for '86. Harry Mann did not swear that I told him, in New York last Summer, that the week of Oct. 24 was booked with the Hanlons. What he did swear was that I told him the week of Oct. 24 belonged to the Hanlons. We cancelled the Parlor Match time—as we had a right to do, not recognizing Chalet's contract—because we could not agree as to date. A. H. Canby did not receive a letter from us saying Erminie could have week of Oct. 24 if a compromise could be effected with the Hanlons. He simply testified as to the date of contract. We never approached Mr. Hanlon with an offer to compromise; but he approached us

and named \$1,000 as the figure. We refused to recognize the slightest liability, but offered to give him a later date—if we could come to terms. The Hanlons make the best answer to the charge that we are insolvent by bringing against us a suit for damages. We offered to submit the suit to arbitration, three reputable managers to be selected, and both sides to abide by their decision. We did our best to bring about an amicable settlement, as this bundle of letters will show."

"As to that Judge's opinion quoted in THE MIRROR last week, it was made to order. When it was shown to Judge Acheson, he smiled and said: 'That may be very good newspaper matter, but it is bad law.' Judge Acheson did not hand down a written opinion. He simply refused the injunction, and then proceeded to make a few remarks on the case."

Another "Drama of the Drug."

"I am now negotiating for the production of a new play," said Joseph Haworth to a representative of THE MIRROR recently, "in which I will play the leading role. The play is in four acts, is an adaptation from the French, and deals with a great social evil—that of the constant and habitual use of deadly and dangerous drugs. If anything, the play should be called a modern society tragedy. I have had it several months—it was shown me first by Edward Sothorn—and have been making alterations in it. It is one of the strongest plays of the kind I have ever read, and those managers who have heard it are enthusiastic over it. Manager J. M. Hill is especially well pleased with it."

"The part which I will probably play is that of a young nobleman who disguises himself as an Italian friend for purposes of revenge against a man who has robbed him of his wife's love and in other ways embittered his life." The scene is laid in France. Besides the alterations I have myself made, A. R. Cazauban and a well-known newspaper man are assisting me in making the play better suited for modern production."

Manager Cobbe Arrives and Departs.

John Cobbe, the well-known manager, and partner of H. S. Taylor in the Anglo-American Attraction Agency, arrived on last Sunday week from England by the Alaska, and returned on Tuesday last by the same steamer. To a MIRROR reporter who called on him at the Murray Hill Hotel Mr. Cobbe said:

"My principal mission here is to confer with Mr. Taylor on business connected with the Agency. I have brought over a number of plays, including The Witch, a four-act play from the German, by C. M. Rae, the critic of the Manchester Guardian. It was produced at the Princess' Theatre last March, and was revived on the 13th just before I left England. Another is The Agony Column, a farcical comedy in three acts, by Wilton Jones, critic of the Yorkshire Post. The latter has not yet been produced, although it has been accepted by Edward Terry, who has just opened a new theatre in the Strand. The Agony Column is synonymous with the Personal Column in your newspapers here."

"Besides these I have the four-act melodrama of Haunted Lives, which was produced at the Olympic Theatre some three years ago, and is to be revived this season. Its great effect is a ship on fire, entirely different from the explosion scene of The World. The Stow-away is a four-act nautical drama, by Tom Craven. In this play is a yacht built on the stage to take up almost the entire space on the boards, and there is the scene of a collision on the open ocean. Then I have the Drury Lane success, the five-act military drama, by Elliott Galer, entitled A True Story, and another five-act military drama, by the same author, entitled With the Colors."

"We shall follow the production of A Dark Secret with The Royal Mail, which will be in all probability rechristened United States Mail. It is by the same authors, John Douglass and James Willing. It is a strong romantic melodrama in a prologue and four acts. The action of the first scene takes place during the Burmese War, and we see a relief expedition on rafts going down the Irrawaddy. The scene shows the river and one of the cataclysms. There is a fall of water from the roof of the stage, and the depth is only limited to the height of the proscenium. At the Academy height of the proscenium here would be at least from forty to fifty feet, and the effect would be grand. In the scene there is a short, quick fight between the British troops and the Dacoits, or Burmese, and the curtain falls for a moment. When it goes up again there is a tableau of the bivouac at moonlight on the banks of the river. The grand effect of the play is in the last act, where there will be a water effect that will put that of A Dark Secret far into the shade. Mumble's Head, Wales, is the scene. It is a rocky coast. A storm is raging and the Mail Packet is in distress. The life crew are launching the lifeboat at the opening of the scene. The relation of the wreck to the play lies in the fact that the steamer has on board the heroine's husband. This brings all the characters close to the scene. As the lifeboat leaves laden with twenty people, the waves which roll six or seven feet high and lash themselves by mechanical means into spray and foam, very nearly upset it. This is done by mechanical means that have been patented both in England and here. The boat gets off safely, however, and the interval up to the rescue is filled by the throwing of rockets and life lines across the stage. This is a very thrilling effect and the whole scene is most startling. The curtain comes down on the hero pulling himself ashore by one of the life lines. When falling exhausted just within reach of the rocks, two of the female characters, led by his wife, join hands, reach out into the water and save him. This idea has been taken from the incident in Clement Scott's poem, 'The Women of Mumble's Head.' I have forgotten to tell you that there is also a very novel picnic scene in the third act, supposed to take place in Llanelly, Wales. There will be one Welsh character in the play—a postmistress—and I should not wonder if in the production of this play the Welsh accent will be heard and a Welsh costume be seen on the American stage for the first time."

"Besides my other work, I am here to arrange for the appearance of the Gaiety com-

pany next year. The cream of both companies will come over, including Nellie Farren, Fred Leslie, Sylvia Gray, Edward Lonnen, Marion Hood, Letty Lind, Charles Ross and the Blanche Sisters. We will bring all the scenery and properties of the Gaiety, sixteen ballet dancers, twelve chorus, and Charles Harris and Meyer Lutz, the musical conductor. The company will sail for Australia on May 1 next, and play there for sixteen weeks. Then they open here on Nov. 20 for a tour of twenty weeks. We are negotiating with several houses, and there is a probability that they will appear here at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. George Edwards, the London manager, will accompany them."

"What arrangements have been made for Wilson Barrett's tour here next season?"

"I know nothing further than that he is coming over," said Mr. Cobbe. "I do not think that I will be with him, as the Attraction Agency business is growing so fast that it will take all my time. In consequence, I have made a new arrangement with Mr. Barrett, which enables me to stay in London and attend to the business of the Agency as well as represent him. We cleared nearly \$5,000 profit on the two weeks that the Dark Secret played in Philadelphia, while the profits are the same in proportion here."

Mr. Cobbe was seen again just before taking his departure for England.

"Regarding the Gaiety company," said he, "all I can say is that all the time we wish in this country is being held for us, although we have not decided on the opening. As regards the plays which the Agency controls, I may state that I have just received a cable from Mr. Roe, the author of The Witch, in which that gentleman tells me that the play was produced at the St. James Theatre, with Sophie Eyre, Mrs. Rae and Henry Neville in the cast, and that it went very well. We have also decided to put the rewriting of The Royal Mail into the hands of C. B. Jefferson, who did some very good work with A Dark Secret. To him will be intrusted the alteration of the piece, and his ideas, as given to me, appear to be excellent."

"Do you return to America soon?"

"Yes, I shall be over again in the Spring. I am arranging now to bring over with me a complete English pantomime company, a powerful syndicate having been formed for that purpose. I also hope to take back with me to England two American stars with whom the Agency is in negotiation."

The Morlacchi Bequest Again.

The following has been received from H. A. McGlen:

BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1887.
DEAR SIR:—Will you correct the statement which appears in your issue of this date?
As executor of the will of Morlacchi, I have not in any way failed in attention to the duties confided to me, nor has the Fund's counsel asked me for reasons for omissions. No necessity has existed to warrant such inquiry."

As you are Secretary of the Fund as well as editor of THE MIRROR, your statements are regarded as official, and I protest against the injustice done me by the implication they carry that I have been derelict in my duty. Respectfully yours, H. A. MCGLEN.

The article to which Mr. McGlen takes exception was printed upon information received from A. M. Palmer, President of the Actors' Fund.

"The statement in last week's MIRROR is true to my knowledge in every particular," said A. M. Palmer to the MIRROR representative who called upon him and showed him the above letter. "I did not not know, though, that ex-Judge Dittenhoefer had written to Mr. McGlen. It is true that up to the time prescribed by law the executor had failed to file his statement, but it is also true that, as he claims, he could not do so, as Mr. Pierce, who is the executor of the estate from which Mr. Morlacchi had inherited the property which she devised to the Actors' Fund, had not yet filed his account, and that therefore he (McGlen) could not file his statement."

The subject of the Morlacchi bequest has several times engaged the attention of the Board of Trustees of the Fund. At the last meeting, early in October, a resolution was passed requesting Judge Dittenhoefer to communicate with Mr. McGlen and request a statement.

The Amateur Stage.

THE ARCADIAN IN LEAH THE FORSAKEN.

The capacity of the Brooklyn Athenæum was taxed to its utmost on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, the event being the opening of the current season by the Arcadian Society. The play selected was the old standard favorite, Leah the Forsaken, and the staging of the piece was excellent. Matilda Davis, as Leah, gave a creditable and realistic impersonation

of the sorely troubled and confiding Jewess. As Rudolph, was at his best in J. C. Costello's scenes of the drama. S. the strong emotion, sustained his excellent G. Frost, as Lorin's work. J. J. Breen, as reputation for artistic ability, dropped his Father Herman, has been acting as impersonal mannerisms, and his Lindeman proved proportionately. W. H. Ludwig furnished considerable amusement as a part of and W. D. Heasley acted the small part of Jacob with commendable result. W. L. Hennessy was efficient in the insignificant role of Fritz. The Nathan of Henry Mason, although a little too much of the Richard III. style of villain, was a vigorous and interesting impersonation. J. C. Ackerman gave a finished portrayal of Abraham, though in his scene with Nathan he lacked requisite power. Misses Raymond, Langford Thorne and Blanche de Levante did good work in their respective roles of Mother Groshen, Dame Gertrude, Rosal and Sarah, and little Miss Thisk, as the child, was a delightful embodiment of diminutive humanity. After the performance many of the Arcadian's friends adjourned to Rivers' Academy and enjoyed the reception.

THE GILBERT IN THE HONEYMOON.

On Friday evening, Oct. 28, The Honeymoon was presented at the Brooklyn Athenæum, the occasion being a complimentary benefit tendered to John Billings, the popular coach of the Gilbert. His friends and admirers turned out in large numbers. The superb cast and excellent presentation of the play reflected more than credit to William Dinsmore, the stage manager. Paul Dater, as the Duke Aranza, gave a peculiar charm to the part of the determined nobleman by a vigorous and manly portrayal. W. T. Harris, Jr., as the Count, was good-looking and agreeable, while Adam Dove gave his usual clear cut and spirited delineation of the woman-hater, Rolando. C. T. Catlin, as Balthazar, was strong, and received a good share of approbation, while J. W. Noble, Minnie Henry and G. H. Bennerman did their work exceptionally well in their respective parts of Jacques, Campillo and Pedro. The hit of the evening was made by J. Jordan Darling as Lopez. He fairly convulsed the audience. Nellie Yale Nelson gave a self-possessed and characteristic rendition of the haughty Juliana, and Annie Hyde won hearty good will and applause by her piquante Volante. Alice Chapin Ferris made a charming and beautiful Zamora.

The costumes were very elaborate, and lent a pleasant and distinct feature to the entertainment. The scenery and settings were mostly appropriate, although the long and frequent waits taxed the patience of many.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE.

The St. Augustine gave the initial performance of their third season at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Thursday evening, Oct. 27. The play presented was billed as Commotion. However, it turned out to be no less (or more, for the matter of that) than 7-30 8. W. J. McCahill made a good and very amusing old gentleman in the part of Frederick Larkins. J. W. Redmond, as Paul Dawson, was fair. W. A. Prendergast, as Herbert Selwyn, was very good. J. F. Munter, as Dr. Winklebury, did a clever bit of eccentric comedy. As Signor Tamborini, Thomas A. York was the best in the cast. Of the ladies, Miss Libbie Healey, as Rosa, carried off the honors. Miss M. Maginn, as Maud, and Fannie Rorke, as Mrs. Larkins, may be credited with meritorious work.

NOTES.

The Amaranth announces Everybody's Friend for its performance at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Nov. 9. The cast consists of Alfred Young, Frederick Rowan, Percy G. Williams, John Deman, Ada Woodruff, Charles Bellows, Jr., and Ella G. Greene.

It has been decided by the Amateur Opera Association to substitute The Chimes of Normandy for The Mascoffe at the inaugural representation this season, which takes place at the Brooklyn Academy on Dec. 20.

The St. Augustine Dramatic Society of Brooklyn has placed 7-30 8 in rehearsal.

The society known to Brooklynites as St. Paul's Lyceum propose to present David Garrick's time during the Winter. The Brooklyn will give the same piece at a church festival on Nov. 9.

The Kemble has selected Ours for its initial performance at the Brooklyn Academy on Nov. 15. The cast will comprise Matilda Davis, Douglas Montgomery and Jeanne Pratt.

Society amateurs are to appear in Gilbert's Broken Hearts at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, early in December.

The Melpomene is making active preparations for the current season, and it is to be hoped that they will repeat some of their good work of last season.

Mrs. Matilda Davis, on the strength of her presentation of Leah the Forsaken with the Arcadians, has received offers from two Brooklyn managers, and it is possible that the residents of that city will shortly have the pleasure of seeing her at one of the local theatres in a repertoire consisting of Leah, The Wife's Secret, Pies and Passion and Camille.

The Lyceum corps are talking of engaging the Academy of Music to produce Othello in the latter part of January.

Ira H. Moore is going to give another rendition of his personal Shylock. However, it is good. Let us hope that the support will prove worthy.

Professional Doings.

—George O. Starr is now guiding his business hand over all of G. B. Russell's interests, though he is still the manager of the Starr Opera company.

—The largest business on tour in New England is being done by Jim the Peeman. By far the largest business, it might be said.

—Corinne opened at Shaw and Jacobs' Toronto Opera House on Monday night to the largest house of the season.

—Lucy Taylor is winning many admirers by her performance of Dahlia in Gardiner's Zoo. She is talented, young and pretty.

—Edward E. Kidder is writing a new topical song for his comedy of Philopene, which is reported to have made quite a hit in Harlem.

—Charles H. Bradshaw has been engaged to play Gourmand in William H. Gillette's Great Pink Pearl company.

—George S. Knight, who has secured the Fourteenth Street Theatre for four weeks, is negotiating for a continuance of time at that house.

—Victor Gutmann writes that his differences with the management of the Three Corners company are ended, and he continues as business manager.

—Davis and Co.'s Collection Agency, 177 1-2 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, makes a specialty of cancelled dates.

—A first-class attraction is wanted at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for Christmas week. W. L. Allen may be addressed in the matter.

—Fannie Bernard is at liberty for jobbing or for a permanent engagement. Her line is juveniles or sou-brettes.

—The new Amesbury (Mass.) Opera House was formally opened last Saturday night by Louis Aldrich in My Partner. The crowd was greater than the house could accommodate.

—Herman Nunemacher has open time at the Palace Theatre, Milwaukee, and the Grand Opera House, Oshkosh, Wis.

—Aaron Rogers, son of Frank Rogers, the author of Mrs. Langtry's adaptation of As in a Looking Glass, has arrived in the city from London. Young Rogers brings several new plays from his father's pen.

—D. B. Hughes, formerly scenic artist of Heuch's Opera House, Cincinnati, will be connected in similar capacity with the Casino now being erected in that city.

—Jennie Leland, the soubrette of A Soap Bubble, will retire at the close of this week, and her role of La La Dodge be assumed by Dolly Foster, of the same company, promoted.

—Last Friday night J. S. Kusel was suddenly called upon to play Badger in The Streets of New York. Mr. Boniface having caught a severe cold that he was unable to speak. Mr. Kusel was not so very bad in the part.

—The New Whitney Opera House, Detroit, opened on Monday night with R. L. Scott, Harry Mills and Marguerite Fash in A Chip of the Old Block. The house was packed and the piece was a great go.

—William J. Humphrey, of Marie Prescott's company, will be discharged after Nov. 12. In Miss Prescott's support he has been playing Orlando, Duke of Bassano, Romeo, etc.

—Edith is now in Edward M. Favor as the singer, and a new play as a companion to A Box of Locusts.

—Cash, which is a large business, will find pleasant rooms and a visiting professor of private bath-rooms, at 436 Wabash avenue, Chicago, 7th centre.

—The Opera House at Goshen with new scenery, remodelled, enlarged and supplied with all share or rust, it seats 800, and Manager Sterling is a big holiday. He wants attractions for Thanksgiving.

—Pa. will pay dates. Deal or light a certainty for a good musical comedy, much hand opera attraction for Saturday night, Dec. 2, at night in the week of Dec. 26. The Du Bois is a new Opera House, newly built.

—Margie Arlington died in this city on Sunday, from the effects of injuries sustained by a fall last September. Miss Arlington had not acted for some time. She was a handsome and amiable woman, who was blessed with a large circle of friends.

—A. L. Heckler is booming the new champagne, Ruby Royal, and the brand is consequently being talked about where talking results in popularity. The wine is claret-colored, but has the effervescent and other qualities of the older champagnes.

—W. L. Allen gives up the management of Lillian Lewis on Dec. 15. He has associated himself with H. C. De Mille in a revival of The Maid of the Mountains at the Lyceum Theatre. The Lillian will tour the country this season. A strong company is being engaged for the production. Mr. De Mille, the author, is making improvements in the play. All the unique printing and lithographic work will be done with the addition of novelties. The play will be backed at only the best theatres.

T. J. FARRON: Louisville 31, week, Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 7-9, Beaver Falls, Pa., 10.
 FORTY EIGHTH CO.: St. Louis 31, week.
 TRUE IRISH HEARTS: Baltimore 31, week.
 THREE CORNERS CO.: Mobile, Ala., 5, New Orleans 7, week.
 THROWN UPON THE WORLD CO.: Wheeling, W. Va., 10-12.
 TRIXIE CO.: Greenville, O., 4, Hamilton 9.
 ULLIE ARMSTRONG: Johnstown, Pa., 31, week, Meadville 21, week.
 UNDER THE GASLIGHT (Turner's): Philadelphia 31, week, Richmond, Va., Nov. 7-9, Norfolk 10-12.
 UNDER THE LASH: St. Louis 31, week.
 VANDERBILT: Kansas City, 31, week, Louisville 10-12, week.
 W. J. SCARLAN: Minneapolis 31, week.
 WINNETT'S PASSION'S SLAVE CO.: Pittsburgh 31, week, Cincinnati 10-12, week, Louisville 14, week.
 WINNETT'S GREAT WAGON CO.: Evansville, Ind., 3-4, Vincennes 5, St. Louis 7, week, Kansas City 14, week.
 WHITE SLAVE CO.: Cincinnati 31, week, Chicago Nov. 7, week.
 WATKINS' CATNIP TEA CO.: Baltimore 31, week.
 WILSON CO.: Sacramento, Cal., 31, week.
 WESTON BROTHERS: Paterson, N. J., 7, week.
 WATTS CO.: Altoona, Pa., 9-10.
 WILSON DAY CO.: Springfield, Mass., 31, week, Westfield Nov. 7, week.
 W. & S. CO.: Omaha, Neb., 7, Des Moines, Ia., 8-9, Burlington 10, Monmouth 11, Mt. Pleasant 12.
 ZITKA CO.: Philadelphia 7, week.
 ZOTZ: St. Louis 31, week, Vincennes, Ind., 8-9, Louisville 10-12, Cincinnati 14, week.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.
 ADELPHI RANDALL OPERA CO.: Dallas, Tex., 7.
 BOSTONIAN: Toledo, O., 4-5, Saginaw, Mich., 7, Bay City 8, Jackson 10, Detroit 14, week, Cleveland 21, week, Chicago 28, two weeks.
 BURNING OPERA CO.: Van Wert, O., 7, Lima 8, Bucyrus 9-10, Sandusky 11, Wapakoneta 12.
 BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO. A: Wilmington, Del., 31, week.
 BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO. B: Gloucester, Mass., 31, week.
 CASINO ERMINIE CO.: Chicago 17, three weeks, Baltimore 7, week.
 CASINO ERMINIE CO. No. 2: Utica, N. Y., 4, Gloversville 5.
 CONRAD-HERMANN OPERA CO.: Fort Wayne, Ind., 4, Indianapolis 7-9, Terre Haute 10, Danville, Ill., 11, Lafayette, Ind., 12, Dayton, O., 14.
 CARLTON OPERA CO.: Cincinnati 31, week, Nashville 7, week, Memphis 14, week.
 CRITCHEL OPERA CO.: Indianapolis 7, week, Logansport 14, week.
 CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG: Piqua 3, Springfield 4, Tiffin 7, Elkhart, Ind., 9, Peru 10.
 DUNLAP'S OPERA CO.: Chicago 31, week, Rockford, Ill., 7, Joliet 8, Springfield 9-10, Decatur 12, St. Louis 14, week, Burlington, Ia., 11, Rockford, Ill., 12-13.
 DAVIS GREENWOOD OPERA CO.: Birmingham, N. Y., 8-9, Hudson 10, Troy 11-12, Rutland, Vt., 14.
 ELEANOR CO.: Reading, Pa., 7-8, Carbondale 14.
 EMMA ARBOTT: St. Paul 31, week, Minneapolis Nov. 7, week.
 FIFTH AVENUE OPERA CO.: St. Catherine, Ont., 31, week, Niagara Falls Nov. 7-8, Medina 9-10, Brockport 11-12, Jamestown 14, week.
 FOSTER'S IDEAL OPERA CO.: Detroit 31, week, Chicago, Nov. 7, two weeks, St. Paul 31, week, Minneapolis 28, week.
 JULES LEVY CONCERT CO.: Ithaca, N. Y., 8.
 KIMBALL-CORNING OPERA CO.: London 7-9, Hamilton 10-12, Buffalo 14, week.
 LITTLE TYCOON OPERA CO.: Cleveland Nov. 7-9, Rochester 14-16, Canandaigua 17, Elmira 18-19.
 MACCOLLIN OPERA CO.: Charleston, S. C., 31, week, Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 7-8, Goldsboro 10, Raleigh 10, Danville, Va., 11-12, Lynchburg 14-15, Roanoke 16, Norfolk 17-19, Richmond 21, week.
 MENDLSON QUINTETT CLUB: Tamaqua, Pa., Nov. 7.
 MCGIBERNY FAMILY: Rock Island, Ill., 3-4, Monmouth 5, Vinton, Ia., 7, Bushnell 8, Keokuk 9, Ottumwa 10.
 MCCALL'S OPERA CO.: Philadelphia, Oct. 10-indefinite season.
 NATIONAL OPERA CO.: Philadelphia Nov. 7, week, Baltimore 14-16, Pittsburgh 17-19.
 NORTON FAMILY: Franklinville, N. Y., 5, Hialeah 7, Friendship 9, Bolivar 10, Wellsville 11, Belmont 12, Angelica 14.
 NASHVILLE STUDENTS: New Orleans 31, two weeks.
 REINHART SISTERS: Massillon, O., Nov. 1-5, Beaver Falls, Pa., 7, week.
 ROYCE-LANSING: Fargo, Dak., 3, Morehead 4, Casselton 5, Valley City 7, Jamestown 8.
 STARR OPERA CO.: Brooklyn 31, week.
 WALSH OPERA CO.: Albany 31, week, Syracuse 7, week, Rochester 14, week.

MINSTRELS.
 BARLOW BROTHERS: Oswego, N. Y., 3, Susquehanna, Pa., 4, Honesdale 5, Carbondale 7.
 BAIRD'S: Hockley, Miss., 7, Natchez 8, Baton Rouge, La., 9, Thibodaux 10, Morgan City 11, Franklin 12.
 FIELD & UNITED OPERATIC: Johnstown, Pa., 7.
 GORMAN BROTHERS: Rochester 3, Syracuse 4, Corning 2, Bracford, Pa., 7, Titusville 8, Oil City 9, New castle 10, Youngstown, O., 11, Akron 12.
 HAVERLY'S: Birmingham, Ala., 3, Memphis 4-5, Hot Springs 7, Little Rock 8-9, El Paso 10, Baton Rouge, La., 11-12, New Orleans 14, week.
 HI HENRY'S: Brantford, Ont., 3, St. Catherine 4.
 HICKS': Williamsport, Ct., 14.
 MCN. J. S.: Philadelphia 31, week, Ithaca, N. Y., 16.
 MORAN-THOMAS: Baltimore 31, week, Hoboken Nov. 7, week.
 RICK, HART AND RYMAN'S: Mt. Vernon, O., 5.
 SWEATMAN, RICE AND FAGAN'S: Cincinnati 31, week, Baltimore 9, week.
 T. P. W.: Brooklyn, E. D., 31, week, Fall River, Mass., 7.
 WILSON AND RANKIN'S: Lincoln, Neb., 3, Omaha 4-5, Des Moines, Ia., 7, Iowa City 8, Davenport 9, Peoria, Ill., 10, Birmingham 11, Danville 12.
 WILSON'S: Rome, N. Y., 4.

VARIETY COMPANIES.
 AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: Brooklyn 31, week.
 EMILY SOLDERS CO.: Chicago 24, two weeks, Decatur, Ill., 18.
 FITZGERALD'S EARLY BIRDS CO.: Boston 31, week, Providence Nov. 7, week, Brooklyn 14, week.
 GIBSON AND RYAN: Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 3.
 HALL-HART CO.: Montreal 31, week.
 HARRY WILLIAMS CO.: N. Y. City 24, two weeks.
 HOWARD ATRHEMUS CO.: N. Y. City 17, three weeks, Brooklyn Nov. 7, week, Newark 14, week, Baltimore 21, week.
 HYDE'S SPECIALTY CO.: Cincinnati 31, week, Richmond, Ind., 7, Urbana, O., 8, Crawfordsville, Ind., 9, Mattoon 10, Decatur, Ill., 11, Springfield 12, St. Louis 14, week.
 IDA SIDONS' CO.: Omaha, Neb., 3-5.
 KERNELL'S CO.: Washington 31, week, Baltimore 7, week.
 MARINKELLI'S CONGRESS: Pittsburgh 31, week, Cincinnati 7, week.
 MILE, GIRARD'S CO.: Amsterdam N. Y., 3-5, Albany 7, week.
 NIGHT HAWKS: Amsterdam, N. Y., 5, Springfield, Mass., 7, week, Providence 14, week.
 PAT ROONEY: Matamoras, N. Y., 5, Brooklyn 7, week, RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.: Baltimore 31, week, Pittsburgh 7, week.
 REILLY-WOOD CO.: Cleveland 7, week.
 SPARKS BROTHERS: White Haven, Pa., 3, Wilkesbarre 4-5, Shamokin 12.
 SHEPHERD-BLACKLEY CO.: Chicago 31, two weeks.
 TONY PASTOR'S OWN CO.: N. Y. City 24-Winter season.

CIRCUSES.
 BRISTOL'S EQUUSCURRICULUM: New Orleans 24, two weeks.
 HERMANN: Worcester, Mass., 4-5, Brockton 8.
 KELLAR: Grand Rapids, Mich., 3-5, E. Saginaw 7-9, Bay City 10-12.
 WONDERLAND: Oil City, Pa., 7.

A Topical Retrospect.

There is a lesson for all time and all settlers and freeholders in this city in the topical experience of one of its great divisions. We refer to the East side, lying eastward of the Bowery, including the Seventh Ward, which in its day of splendor could hold the candle to any avenue or thoroughfare in the Metropolis. That shining light has long since faded out, descending slowly but surely from its great meridian. Strangely enough, the hereditary landholders of that proud domain were stone-blind to the conditions under which property grows in New York.

They thought it sufficient to collect their rents, with steady accretions, from the old domiciles, and to look upon their tenants as little other than suffragans according to the manorial precedents of the Middle Ages.

What was the unavoidable sequence? Having no durable interest in the soil, they held their homes merely at the will of the lord paramount. They did not regard themselves as bound to improve the domain, and by various expedient means make it attractive to the resident tenants.

There was not a single park, large or small, throughout the length or breadth of the wealthy Seventh Ward, nor a single theatre, museum or music-hall, not even a museum or other place of amusement.

The only attempt in the histrionic line we can call to mind, was an amateur performance in a back yard in a by-street, given by certain chimney-sweeps, genuine Africans, having the shed for a stage, their official blankets for costumes and their chimney-scrapsers for swords, besprayed with cheap tinsel by the square yard.

On the skirts of the ward, but not within its sacred precincts, was an exhibit of a Learned Pig, who was very skilful with his nozzle in selecting the greased playing-cards spread out before him.

Now, by way of realizing the logical results of the case we have stated: Imagine for a moment that a new Aladdin by an extraordinary exertion of magical power could to-night lift off of their foundations all the structures and resorts along the line of Broadway devoted to amusement and transfer them to the east side of the town, leaving huge gaps to be occupied by fish-mongers, pretzels, salt cod and limburger, shops in tumble-down structures and of mournfully uninviting fronts!

Meanwhile, when morning, matinee or evening comes, this rueful spectacle staggers—should it not?—the out-of-town visitor, hotel occupants and pleasure-seeking citizens when they come to look for the favorite resorts where they had been wont to spend their leisure so happily.

From all this it may be understood that theatres and places of amusement are the life of a great city, and the vicinage that ignores them is sure to come to nought or worse.

NESTOR.

Under the Lindens.

BERLIN, Oct. 22, 1887.

Lillian Nordica, whom New Yorkers may remember as a member of Mapleson's company during one of his last seasons of Italian opera, and who is now connected with the Drury Lane Theatre in London, has just finished a short and successful engagement here at Kroll's Theatre. She sang in but two operas—*Traviata* and *Faust*; but her sweet voice, her beauty, her delicate grace and charm of manner have captivated all who have heard her. Should she return to America and have a fair opening, I am sure she would quickly become a great favorite. Kroll's Theatre is most unsatisfactory as a house of amusement, and as the star system is pretty bad—after the magnificent productions the German company in New York has accustomed us to, and the excellent representations by the American Opera—one is hardly satisfied to witness some grand opera that we all have been taught to love by hearing frequent repetitions given by the best singers, poorly mounted and wretchedly sung, with the exception of the leading role, even at the ridiculously low figure of seventy-five cents.

Kroll's Theatre is a famous and favorite resort of Berliners. It is an immense oblong concert-hall with two fine ante-rooms or foyers at either end, which has been turned into a theatre by erecting a stage in the centre of one long side, and raising the seats on the ground floor. A long balcony runs along the side opposite the stage, and the two ends are divided into loges, which by reason of their inferior position are very reasonable. The stage itself is not more than twenty-five feet wide, and perhaps thirty feet deep. Therefore only those seated in the centre of the house, and a small number at that, can obtain a satisfactory view of the performance. A large garden runs back of the theatre, which is beautifully laid out, and at night is brilliant with thousands of gas-jets. Every afternoon at half-past five a concert is given here. At seven o'clock the opera begins in the theatre, and after its close another concert is performed in the garden.

Just at present they are giving "double concerts." In the garden are two band stands, and in one the regular orchestra performs, while in the other is a military band, the two alternating and both rendering fine selections. A restaurant connected with the establishment furnishes the visitor with almost everything he could desire, from a glass of beer to a full-course dinner. Tables and chairs are everywhere, some placed under shelter, and others out under the open sky.

At one end of the garden is a pretty, graceful structure of iron, painted white, in the form of a summer-house. This is hung with prisms and lighted with numberless little glass globes of gas, which produce a brilliant effect. Two flower-beds are most unique and striking in appearance. From the centre of each a great mass of ivy is trained up over a large frame shaped like a gigantic umbrella, while the ground below is filled in one bed with tulips, in the other with lilies. At night the effect is magical, for the flowers are small glass globes shaped and colored to resemble the real article, lighted within by gas. A "Bosquet," as it is called, leads off from the garden. This is a winding broad walk among beautiful trees covered with ivy and climbing vines, so arranged as to form numerous little nooks and delis, where tiny waterfalls trickle over the rocks, and seats in cool, secluded spots tempt loving couples that stroll through its mazes. Lighted here and there with colored lanterns, it is a most inviting spot to linger in, especially as strains from the music fall upon one's ear, softened and sweetened by the distance. I do not wonder that the place is well patronized despite the poor rendition of the operas. There is sure to be at least one fine singer in the cast.

For the ridiculous sum of one mark (about twenty-three cents) admission is secured to the entire entertainment. Going the e at half past five, we can take our dinner under the trees, and hear at the same time an excellent concert. At seven we have the choice of entering the theatre and listening to whatever opera may be performed, or remaining in the garden and enjoying a concert which continues during the opera. Then the latter over, comes another concert, to which most of the audience remain. The scene then is most brilliant, for the promenades are crowded, and most of the tables are occupied. One mark will not entitle the visitor to a seat in the theatre, but there is plenty of room to stand if he so desire; and the best seats in the house are only three

marks. In the gallery, which is really the best place to see and hear, the seats are two marks, and in the loges a mark and a half. The place is packed nightly, and one certainly gets one's money's worth; though, for my part, I should prefer paying a little more when I wished to hear opera, and attending the Royal Opera House, where the performances are most excellent, and where some of the best singers of Germany are to be heard. One is occasionally tempted to sit through an opera in Kroll's Theatre for the sake of the star, and I must confess that Lillian Nordica quite compensated one for enduring her support.

It is a little early yet, and the season has not fairly begun, therefore there is not much of novelty being performed in Berlin just at present. At the Residents Theatre they are playing *Griffin Sarah*, a translation of George Ohnet's "La Comtesse Sarah," which was Jane Hading's most successful role of the last Parisian season. I arrived in Paris just too late to see her in the part, which I must regret, as I should like to compare the plays and the German actress who plays the title role with the celebrated French artist. The piece is meeting with much success and promises to have a long run.

In Neuen Berlin, a four-act comedy, has just been put upon the boards at Wallner's Theatre. I have not seen it yet, as I am waiting for the appearance of Fraulein Agathe Segesser, a charming little soubrette who played last season in America, and who is to make her debut here in Berlin in this play next week. There has been much dissatisfaction among the soubrettes of this company, the manager having made contracts with eight of them. By a clause in the contract he may try the ladies in whatever role he sees fit to accord, and if they are unsatisfactory, end the engagement at once—a rather unjust provision. It seems to me. I don't know whether this is to be the test piece of each soubrette, but as the fate of the little actress I met on the steamer coming over here is to be decided by this play, I am naturally interested in the result. You will probably have a new opera at the Casino ere long, or else McCaull, with his clever company, will introduce you to Farinelli, a bright comic opera in three acts, which has been running here all Summer. The music is catchy and pretty, and it ought to be a success in America.

A Mikado company has been giving that opera in all the principal German cities this Summer, and its course has been one long succession of triumphs. The more remarkable, too, as it was played and sung in English. Patience was also given, but it did not strike the German fancy. I am quite carried back to two seasons ago, for in every beer-garden and concert-hall selections from the Mikado are sure to form a part of the programme. Of all the New York favorites, only Kate Forster was in this company, and I need hardly suggest that with that one exception the cast was not nearly so good.

There is much more to tell and describe, for Berlin is as full of theatres as New York, and the people quite as eager after amusement.

D.

Notes From Holland.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 19, 1887.

Ernst Possart is here. Of course the name of the great German actor is familiar to the readers of your widely circulating paper. Possart is doubtless known to you all, by reputation at least, and as this Winter he is to be in your midst, you will then be able to hear and admire one of the most remarkable dramatic geniuses of the present day. A treat indeed is in store for the New York public, from which Possart will naturally receive the same cordial and enthusiastic welcome that is accorded him everywhere, and that is always tendered to artists of his superior merit and rank by American audiences. But I will not anticipate the triumphs that await him on the other side of the Atlantic when he pays his first visit to the hospitable shores of the New World, but will give a short account of his performances here and of the impression made on your correspondent by same.

Possart is playing at the Grand Theatre under contract to Messrs. Van Lier, the managers of that theatre, and supported by a German company. This is not his first visit to Amsterdam, as he was here last year and also in 1882. On both occasions he played, as now, not only in this city but on the outskirts of his engagement here in the other cities of Holland. This time, as before, he is meeting with phenomenal success. The theatre is crowded night after night, and during his performance in Arnhem and Utrecht, despite the increased prices of admission, the musicians in the orchestra were obliged to cede their places to the public. His opening night at the Grand was on the 1st with *Der Bluthochzeit* (The Marriage of Blood), an historical drama by Lindner on the massacre of the St. Bartholomew's night in Paris. Since then Possart has given *Ein Fallissement*, by Bjornsterne Bjornson; Nathan der Weise, Faust and Richard III. To which of these performances shall I give the preference, and of which shall I speak at greater length? It is a difficult task to decide, when in each and all he is equally great; when, whether as the weak, bigoted and cruel young monarch, Charles IX., as the sedate and precise lawyer of Bjornsterne's play, as the wise and good Jew, Nathan, of Lessing's exquisite poem, as Mephistopheles in Goethe's masterpiece, or as the crook-backed tyrant of Shakespeare, he is truly magnificent. In person Possart is of medium stature, has a good stage presence, and is gifted with a voice that is a treasure in itself alone. It is full, round, powerful and musical to the last degree, and completely under his control. I can find no other words to express his way of using his voice than to say that he plays upon it as would a finished musician upon an instrument. Salvini's voice, grand as it is, lacks the flexibility of Possart's as well as its fine modulations. As to his facial expression and make-up, or *grime*, as the French call it, both are unrivalled. I do not remember having ever seen anything better on the stage than, for instance, the sudden change of voice, manner and gesture in the scene of Goethe's tragedy where the young student comes to consult the learned doctor, and Mephistopheles, putting on Faust's gown and cap, a surer the unctuous and sententious tone of a professor discoursing to his pupil. It was a marvellous bit of acting; in truth the whole impersonation of Mephistopheles was a master study, the

artist being entirely merged in the role, and seeming the very embodiment and incarnation of the wily fiend as drawn by Goethe. Possart's next character will be Narcisse, that touchstone of all great artists on the German stage. After that he will be seen in Byron's *Manfred*, which is to be given with Schumann's music interpreted by well-known vocalists and an increased orchestra.

On the off nights of Possart's engagement, the Grand Theatre is occupied by part of Messrs. Van Lier's Dutch Dramatic company in *Zonder Naam* (No Name); not Wilkie Collins' No Name, but a popular original play by Rosier Faassen, the author of *Annie Mie*, the play that was given in London some years ago by the Dutch company of Rotterdam and which was afterward performed there in English by Genevieve Ward. The other branch of the Grand Theatre company is at the Plantage Theatre and Marie Antoinette is on the bill. The elaborate production of Macbeth by the Royal Dramatic company at the Stadschouwburg, of which I gave an account in my last, was very successful. It held the boards exclusively till last week (you know there are no long runs here as in America), and it has now been replaced by a revival of the Dutch version of *Les Idees de Mme. Aubray*, one of the plays in which the younger Dumas expounds his theories in defence of the social position of the woman who has committed a *faux pas*. *Les Idees de Mme. Aubray* is, of course, well written, has good situations and shows it is the work of Dumas' facile pen; but it is much inferior in power and dramatic interest to his *Dame aux Camellias*. It was capably acted by Mesdames De Vries, Van Biene and Rossing and Messrs. Morin, De Jong, Tournaire and Schoonhoven, and I doubt if in Paris itself a better interpretation of the different characters could have been given. An adaptation from Eber's well-known novel, "The Wife of the Burgomaster," is now in rehearsal.

At the Frascati Theatre, Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* is running its merry career. It has been very favorably received by the public and draws well. The next comic opera at this cosy little resort is *The Merry War*.

The season of Grand Opera in Dutch is in full swing at the Park Theatre. After *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere* was put on, and this week Mignon is on the programme.

The German Opera company has begun its season at the Industrial Palace. Beethoven's *Fidelio* was sung on the opening night.

At the Varieties, the comedy *Hasemann's Daughters* is the attraction. A movement is on foot to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of Vondel's birthday by giving a special performance on that date, Nov. 17, of the immortal poet's classical tragedies. Vondel is the Shakespeare of the Netherlands, though his tragedies differ entirely in style and construction from those of the Bard of Avon, and are rather in the spirit of the tragedies of the old Greek classics, with chorus, etc. If the project is carried out, the scenery and costumes for this occasion will be exactly as those used in Vondel's lifetime. The characters will be performed by non-professionals.

I was greatly pleased and surprised to see the posters of D'Oyly Carte's Mikado company around town. The Three Little Maids and the Mikado are to be seen here, there and everywhere and though the town has not been painted quite red, it is almost so. The company is to open at the Grand Theatre, but the date is not yet announced. It will be a decided novelty here, as anything English in the amusement line is a rarity indeed in Holland. Possart's first appearance in New York is in December. By the way, before leaving Amsterdam he is to impersonate the fat old knight, Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives*.

A combined performance by the different dramatic companies of the city is to be given on the 20th at the Stadschouwburg for the benefit of the Apollo Club, a society answering somewhat to the Order of Elks of America. The *Slanderer*, of Kotzebue, is to constitute the bill.

A. F. G.

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The Actresses' Corner.



When the famous actress, Eliza Logan, was alive and the wife of George Wood, I met her off in one of the queer hotels of the Adirondacks, on the upper Saranac. I had heard her spoken of as having been a splendid actress, and felt a sort of awe in the presence of a genius such as I believed her to be. Of course the first thing I did was to speak of some part she had made celebrated by her talents, and to my surprise she said: "Don't mention the stage here, my dear; I don't want these stupid people to know I was ever an actress."

But one evening something was brought up about the character of Queen Katherine, then being played by Charlotte Cushman, and a copy of Shakespeare was found. A gentleman stumbled through a speech or two, when I suggested that Mrs. Wood should read the scene to us. And how she read it! I had some idea how she must have played the parts with which she was identified. But one horrified old woman held up both hands as she heard the musical voice rise and fall in the majestic cadences of the dying Queen, and exclaimed: "She must be an acting woman! Decent people don't read like that."

Then I recognized that Mrs. Wood was right; stupid people have a holy horror of actresses.

I was in New Haven one night with Parepa-Rosa. It was Sher Campbell's native town. We went in the morning to some church where Sher sang, and if the three of us had been striped sebras we couldn't have attracted more impudent attention. They "yawped" at us, taking us for an uncivilized band perhaps. But in the afternoon Sher drove us over to Danbury, and seeing a little church of inviting build, we hitched up beside the fence with the elders' seats and went in. The preacher gave out the hymn to the good old tune of "Coronation," and Sher and Parepa lifted up their glorious voices. And how they sang! Those oyster-headed Yanks fairly jumped. The music was magnificent. The two sang alone; every other voice fell away as theirs rang out. How those simple souls delighted and rejoiced! They had heard that air droned through the nose all their lives. Here for the first time the melody rendered in perfect style by two of the finest voices in the world fell on their ears. They were horrified. "Actors" were among them—professional singers with profane talents were making that divine music. As sure as you are born they were indignant.

I mixed in with the heathen and heard the expressions of dismay. "No one slugs like that but show-folks," said one old ben. Parepa shook with laughter. We got into our vehicle, eyed askance by the church folks, and drove away.

The other night, at Wallack's, on one of the centre seats there sat a bright-faced woman, richly but quietly dressed. In her ears hung magnificent diamonds, and a youthful smile of enjoyment lighted up her regular features. Elegant in figure still, and interesting in face, Mrs. John Hoey looked on, one of the distinguished spectators. Behind me sat two old ladies, with a gentleman pointing out the beauties.

"That large gentleman with a beardless face and hairless head is the great Ingersoll."

"Do tell!" said one. "I had no idea he was such a man. Someway I got it in my head he looked like Jefferson Davis."

"And that thin man with the stubbly beard is General Sherman."

"Well, now, he don't look fifty one single bit."

"And that lady over there, next the stout sandy man, that's the famous actress, Mrs. John Hoey."

"Mercy me! Why don't folks look more like what they be?" exclaimed the two old aunts. "That's the worst of this world; such people as Ingersoll and Mrs. Hoey might pass off for Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt easy."

"Not much, old lady," I felt like saying. "The moment they opened their mouths you'd know they were very different beings from common everyday millionaires." Like Eliza Logan and Parepa, they are found out by their own brilliancy the minute the light is turned on.

A very bright old fellow was Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. The puerile poet who lectured here some years ago. He had a dinner given him at Delmonico's one night, and he then made the assertion that he could detect an actor the instant he heard him speak. Some one of the company said: "Come into the next room; there's a large party on the other side, having an after-dinner symposium. There is a distinguished author, two artists, a couple of judges, a doctor and an actor, they are responding to toasts and quite a number are listening. Let's see if you can pick out the actor."

Tupper was carted off, and, as he had been told, several persons were standing by an open door whence came the clink of glasses, the sound of laughter and a drawing, delicate voice responding to a toast. Tupper stood a statue of discriminating judgment. As one remark was made he asserted his belief that that emanated from a doctor. He picked out an artist, and he knew the author at once. Some one went and

looked in and verified the selection to the great delight of Tupper. But he failed to identify the actor. Silence fell in the room beyond; the doors were thrown open; there stood one sandy-haired little man, a waiter with two glasses in his hands, and a second waiter with two more glasses. The waiters had done the clinking, the laughing and the noise; and Mr. Nat Goodwin had personated the distinguished guests, every one of 'em.

"Well, 'pon my word it's very clever," said the fooled poet. "I should have known it was an actor—if I'd seen him do it. No one but an actor could do anything like that. It's very like an actor to be clever."

That's about the truest and smartest speech old Martin ever made. An actor or an actress can be distinguished for superiority—externally and internally the clever people the world over are the show-folks. FAOU-FAOU.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Oct. 19.

Monday was a busy night here for the theatrical newspaper-folk. He who desired to do on his own account all that was to be done on that evening had to divide himself into four parts and dispatch his quarters west, further west, south and east, respectively. It is not for me to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, so I will refrain from saying whether I adopted this method; but I will tell you all that happened all the same. Imprimis, there was the opening of "Terry's"—the new theatre on the Strand that is called Terry's Theatre, probably because it belongs to Charles Wilmut. Item, there was a new "monkey-piece" at the Opera Comique, in front of John F. Sheridan's Fun on the Bristol. The other items were located in Transpontia and the Distant Orient, respectively. At the Surrey there was a new version of Adolphe Belot's *Les Etrangers*, with the Belasco business, of which you are doubtless already well acquainted; and at the Standard, down Shoreditch way, something had been written round another Tank, by John Douglass and T. G. Warren, the author of Nita's First.

I may as well take these items in the order as given above, so will start with the opening of the new theatre. It is a very pretty little house, seating about 850 people. Exit accommodation has been provided for over 3,000; therefore the lessee may now spread himself on endeavors to get the people into his theatre. There can never be much trouble in getting them out. One of the extra exits is of a very high and mighty kind. It is a straight staircase from the upper boxes and gallery to the Strand, constructed at a rather sharper angle than the included planes down which coals are "shot" into trucks on a railroad or into a ship's hold. The doors at the top are ingeniously arranged to open outward on the slightest pressure. So that if anybody in these upper regions felt the slightest anxiety and rushed at the exit door he would find himself standing on his head in the middle of the Strand sidewalk before he had time to say "God bless the Lord Chamberlain!" I am not sure that the same result might not be achieved by anyone who inadvertently leaned against the door in passing. But this is mere surmise. Barring that some of the coats of paint had not dried, and consequently left traces on the coats of the audience; that the electric light went wrong and gas had to be substituted, and that "the gods" were unprovided with programmes, and howled in consequence, the opening of Terry's Theatre may be said to have been a conspicuous success. Wilmut, who built the house, has leased it for twenty years to Edward Terry, who, I suppose, made it a condition of his lease that the theatre should bear his name. If Wilmut doesn't mind I don't know why I should, but I think such naming a mistake all the same. Terry's opening performance was the successful three-act farce, *The Churchwarden*, and a slight comedy called *Meddle and Muddle*. Terry himself of course resumed the name-part in the farce, which is the more appropriate for him in that in private life he happens to be really a churchwarden and guardian of the poor. Terry's company now includes Lionel Brough and Miss M. A. Victor.

Little Charles Lauri, the well-known impersonator of poodles, apes, tom-cats, Man Fridays and other fearful wild-fowl, is mainly the fount and origin of As in a Glass, the monkey-piece at the Opera Comique; but he has a partner in his guile—Mr. George H. Rodwell, who has been turned on to "do the words." Either these should have been done better, or they should have been left undone. In effect, a good ballet of action has been transmogrified into a tedious knock-about farce, spun out into a couple of acts. John F. Sheridan represents the maire of some Norman commune. In order to win the heart and hand of the publican's daughter he disguises himself as a monkey and goes to a ball. It may be objected that such conduct is eccentric, even for a French maire, but it is no part of my duties to suggest answers to conundrums. By and bye Sheridan meets a student, who, to serve his private ends, pretends to be a sorcerer, and persuades the unhappy J. F. that he is consigned to a year's endurance of monkey-life. At this moment a real baboon escapes from a travelling menagerie, and the keepers sent in pursuit capture Sheridan by mistake. Henceforth the maire does duty in the monkey's cage; the monkey administers the affairs of the commune, and many singular complications ensue. The idea is not new, but it is sufficiently humorous to come out well if proper pains were taken with it. I suppose these pains were not taken at the Opera Comique. Anyhow the result was not satisfactory, for the show dragged terribly. Lauri is a wonderful gymnast and Sheridan is an admirable comedian; but somehow they didn't mix to advantage. Fun on the Bristol must, however, be bolstered up somehow; so As in a Glass will have to serve until Bridget O'Brien, Esq., is ready for Sheridan.

I have heard that *The Strangers* has been very successful on the road in the States—chiefly by reason of the horrors wherewith it is plentifully stuffed. You, of course, know more about this than I, so I will not enlarge upon that topic. But judging from Monday night's experiences I should say some of those horrors must have dropped out in transmission. An old gentleman was certainly strangled *coram populo*, and by and bye a lady was stabbed in the fifth act and right shoulder; but these proceedings didn't make my blood curdle worth a cent. I felt that I had been deceived there under false pretences. The Surrey piece is called *The Strangers of Paris*, and is the work of Arthur Shirley, a young man who has already done good work for the stage. I am told that he knows nothing of the American version, and that in his adaptation he has incorporated with Belot's original story incidents from "La Grande Florine," a novel by the same author. I will give a slight sketch of the plot and then you can judge for yourselves. The "hero" is a desperate scoundrel who runs a dual existence. As Jagon he is a respectable lawyer's clerk; as Simonnet he is a robber and assassin, the head of a band called "The Strangers," from a pretty little way they have of finishing off their subjects. Jagon has but one redeeming trait—his love for his daughter Cora. It is for her sake that he has assumed an alias. She knows nothing of her father's iniquity and believes him to be everything that is good, although, as a matter of fact, she is herself not exactly a desirable sort of person for a small and early tea party in good society. Old Guerin is a retired sea-captain with a daughter, Marie, and a servant, Sophie Blanchard. Old Guerin has gold, which he keeps in his bed-room, the front wall whereof can be hoisted up by a bit of string when it is necessary for us to see what is going on therein. Guerin does not rise with the lark, nor even with the curtain, although it is nearly midday when that is rung up. Sophie Blanchard has a husband who has been in prison. He wears a bushy black beard, a blue blouse and a slouch cap. So does Jagon when he is out on Simonnet business. Ex-captain Blanchard is slouching around for a glimpse of his darling Sophie. Exit Blanchard and enter Jagon, who has marked old Guerin for his own. Lorenz de Ribas, another member of the Simonnet gang, diverts the attention of the household while Jagon "goes over" and eventually strangles old Guerin. Jagon then strolls coolly away, and of course Blanchard is arrested and accused of the murder. Sophie vows to save her husband, and implores the investigating magistrate to help her. "Oh, sir," says she, "aid me, I implore thee, and I will be thy slave by night and by day!"—a noble instance, truly of wifely devotion; but it is just possible that Sophie does not mean her words to be taken to the foot of the ladder.

The rest of the play is devoted to tracking down business by Sophie and a couple of comic detectives, and the Wild Justice of Revenge—la which, last however, Sophie is less concerned than Jagon. Lorenz is Jagon's son-in-law, and by and bye, in order to serve his private ends, murders the unhappy Cora. Jagon is the man, therefore, who has the Wild Justice contract on hand, and very effectually he carries it out. But I am a bit beforehand with my incidents. To the lawyer's office, where Jagon is employed, comes Marie Guerin, and she accuses Jagon of the murder. Nobody can prove anything against Jagon, but they send him to La Roquette all the same, preparatory to deporting him to New Caledonia. The travesties forces at La Roquette are a very curious lot. They jabber and smoke, and can get from the canteen as much brandy as they are able to pay for. The one dramatic scene of the play occurs here. Jagon is paraded before the wardens and convicts in order that he may be recognized as an "old hand." No one remembers him, however, till a hideous villain named Lonstolot is brought on. It is elicited that Jagon's big beard may have something to do with the failure to recognize him. Jagon is tied up and shaved, and Lonstolot instantly recognizes him as Simonnet, the Strangler, but is afraid to say so, because of his (Simonnet's) "terrible eye"—also probably because of the horrid faces he makes. In the next scene all concerned are on board the transport-ship *Raven*, bound for New Caledonia. The convicts are kept on deck in cages R. and L., and their proceedings are even more peculiar than they were in La Roquette. By and bye, Jagon, having heard the news of his daughter's murder, he and Blanchard enter into an agreement whereby Jagon, alias Simonnet, of the one part, undertakes to prove the innocence of Blanchard of the other part, on condition that the said Blanchard shall help the said Jagon-Simonnet to execute the Wild Justice of Revenge upon Lorenz de Ribas. The pair then escape into the open sea. Though this chockfull of sharks and the nearest land is 200 miles distant, they get through all right and anon bob up serenely on the Pont Neuf in Paris in time to fulfil their respective obligations and wind up the play.

George Conquest, Sr., plays Jagon Simonnet with occasional picturesque force. His son, George Conquest, Jr., has a fat part and gets laughs as an impossible comic detective. Mrs. Bennett is the energetic Sophie, and T. F. Nye is the villain Lorenz. The lovely "posters," which have been imported straight from the States, are the theme of admiring comment among the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road and its vicinity. But I believe the author has had to change his plot in order to realize them.

The Standard drama is called *The Tongue of Slander*, and the Tank around which it is written represents a tidal harbor by moonlight. When I started out to write this letter I meant to give you a full, true and particular account of the plot which Warren and Douglass have nailed up. But if I did this I would have no room for any news items. After all, what does it matter when the Tank's the thing? The heroine is standing on a gangway which connects the pier with a vessel lying alongside, when the chief villain of the piece comes behind and gives her a push, and over she goes—ker-splash—into the tidal Tank—I mean harbor. She floats and swims backward and forward once or twice and then grasps the pier with her hands and tries to get out of the water. The villain pushes her in again, *da capo*, until the leading juvenile jumps in, swims around and rescues his love. Amy McNeill plays the heroine, but does not go into the water. That part of the business is cleverly worked by a professional double—one of the Beckwith girls, I believe. But when my comes on to take her call she has to wet her clothes to add to the realism.

There is a charming incident in the last act, wherein a brutal thief, disguised as a clergyman, comes to the bedside of a dying child, and in order that she may not accuse him of breaking open a davenport and abstracting money, incontinently suffocates the poor little thing, who is really his own daughter, though he is not aware of the fact. This ruffian was played with much dramatic force by Bassett Roe.

You will be sorry to hear that Kate Munroe died on Monday. Her record is well known on your side. She came out here in 1873. Poor Kitty has been ailing some little while, but the attack which proved fatal was only of thirty-six hours' duration. Atrophy of the liver was the cause of death. I am told that her remains are to be taken to America to be cremated.

George R. Sims' new play which will be produced by Wilson Barrett at the Globe in Christmas week has now been renamed *The Golden Ladder*. The title originally selected, *The Gold Mine*, was found, I believe, to have been already used.—Grace Hawthorne produces Olive Logan's adaptation of *Le Passant* under the title of *The Stroller at a Princess' matinee* on Saturday.—I have just heard a rumor that Mary Anderson will not, after all, go to Australia. As some compensation to the Australians, however, Charles Warner has decided to visit the Land of the Golden Fleece. He sails next Friday week. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Bram Stoker, Alfred Cellier, Henry T. Leslie and B. C. Stephenson start from Southampton to-morrow for New York. The three last named go out to superintend the transatlantic production of Dorothy. GAWAIN.

Professional Doings.

The Wild West Show closed its season in London on Monday night.

George W. Juse has dropped the business management of George L. Harrison's Silver King company.

Effie Ellier's recent week in Cincinnati was better by \$1,000 than her engagement last season.

John F. Kennedy is playing Steve in May Blossom in support of Little Rhodias.

Rose Lisle's Reddy's Luck company stranded in Norwich, N. Y., last week.

David Payer has been engaged by Henry K. Abbey as advance agent of the Gerster Concert company.

V. E. Kennedy, formerly of the Madison Square Theatre, has been engaged as treasurer of The Highest Bidder company.

M. Gavast, the celebrated French *pietist*, or comedy pantomime, has been engaged by Mme. Kiralfy for the clown in the spectacle of *Marion*.

Held by the Knemey is booked solid through the United States up to April 7, 1889, or for almost two years. The best engagement book is in Chicago.

Before leaving for England Charles Coghlan conveyed to his sister, Rose Coghlan, the sole rights for America to the play he wrote for Mrs. Langtry.

The Casino, in Cincinnati, will open its season Dec. 10, under the management of Charles V. Dantzer, of Indianapolis.

The Wonderland, Grand Rapids, has been closed through an attachment put upon it by the Jeffery Trust Co. of Chicago.

The opening of the new theatre at Fort Smith, Ark., by the Michael Stroff company, was such a success that Manager C. L. Andrews wrote a very complimentary letter to Manager George Tilles. Among other things, he says: "I have seen an elegant theatre, and under the several important cities, was an oasis in the journey of theatrical companies. To-day there are numerous magnificent theatres scattered over the country, but none surpass Fort Smith's new temple."

Major W. S. Danley, general passenger and ticket agent at Nashville, tells "The Mirror's" correspondent in that city that at a meeting in Atlanta the other day of the Southern Passenger Agents it was agreed to give to theatrical organizations the following special rates: To companies composed of from ten to fourteen people, 2-3 cents a mile; to companies of fifteen and over to twenty people, 2-4 cents a mile; to companies of twenty people and over, 2 cents a mile. No cases are given. This, though, does not apply to business managers.

"Owing to the enormous success of *The Henrietta*," said J. M. Hill to a *Mirror* reporter, "arrangements have been made with Gustav Amberg, whose German Opera company was to have opened at the Union Square Theatre on Dec. 26, by which Robson and Crane will remain at this theatre until March 24. This will give *The Henrietta* a run of over six months at the Union Square. For this cancelling Mr. Amberg receives a cheque for \$7,750. Out-of-town managers have made their own arrangements, kindly changing dates. The preparations for the production of *Anarchy* at the Union Square have ceased, owing to this change. Margaret Mather will follow Robson and Crane in March."

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

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Garnett, Kas., 3,500, 1,000, S. Kaufman

Lamar, Mo., 3,500, 800, Brown & Avery

Fort Scott, Kas., 14,000, 900, W. P. Patterson

Butler, Mo., 5,000, 800, Don Kinney

Warrens, Kas., 13,000, 900, Lot L. Baird

Webb City, Mo., 4,000, 800, James R. Ellis

Paola, Kas., 4,000, 600, L. D. White

Joplin, Mo., 12,000, 900, H. H. Hayes

Rich Hill, Mo., 6,000, 500, T. D. Sanderson

W. P. PATTERSON, President, Fort Scott, Kas.

LOT L. BAIRD, Secretary, Parsons, Kas.

General information in regard to the Circuit, railroad connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary or President.

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The Rudiments.

The London Saturday Review, in writing of Mary Anderson's performance in the Winter's Tale, says that she has done all in her power to bring Shakespeare into disrepute. "Her Perdita," says the Review, "would be tolerable if she possessed an elementary knowledge of elocution, but of Hermione she never gives a glimpse."

The art of speaking properly the words of his part, as I have again and again contended, is the thing of things that should receive the actor's attention. Yet there is nothing else that pertains to his art that receives so little of the attention of the great majority of English-speaking actors. The reason for this we find in the fact that the art of making language effective in the utterance makes a greater demand on the intelligence than does anything else the actor is called upon to do. Mental labor is likewise to many more persons than physical labor is; there are comparatively few persons that are not more willing to tax their muscles than they are to tax their brains. And then there are so many persons that have more muscle than they have brains to tax! True, no one can be a really good reader unless he have a natural aptitude for the art; but no matter how great the natural aptitude, without much study—and that, too, of the right sort—no one can possibly read really well. Mr. Forrest once told me that he studied Othello's "Farewell" for many years before he succeeded in speaking it to his satisfaction.

The whole art of acting is nothing more than the art of making the thoughts the dramatist has put into his play effective. Everything the actor does he does to compass this end. Now, the actor's aim being to make the thought effective, where should he begin? Why, clearly, he should begin by making the thought plain. If he doesn't make the thought plain, how can he hope to make it effective? And how can he hope to make the thought plain if he speaks in such a manner that a large percentage of the words are not understood? If he misplaces his emphasis? If his inflections are false? If he races over the pauses, grammatical and rhetorical? In short, how can an actor hope to make the thought plain to his auditors by simply reeling off the words in the order the author has used them in? Yet, in the higher drama especially, the majority of our actors do little more. The nature and intelligence that shows in the delivery of even some of our more prominent players, is of the kind that would hardly pass for genuine.

Among the players of note whose performances I have recently studied with some care, there is one that for many years has occupied a prominent stellar position, and is now heralded as America's greatest actress. I remember well to have seen the lady play several important parts some twenty-five years ago, Bianca being among the number, and I remember well that her acting did not move me, nor do I believe that her acting has ever really moved anyone—no, not even in the strongest parts she has ever played. If this be true, how was it possible, it will be asked, for her long ago to win an enviable place in the esteem of the theatre-going public—to what does she owe her position? Often what is obscure to the unthinking many is clear to the thoughtful few.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is now endeavoring to gather in the aftermath. For the crop that the first mowing yielded, considerable as it was, she was indebted—not to any high art merit that distinguishes her personations, which would never stand the test of close scrutiny, but to advantages that were chiefly physical—a symmetric figure, a handsome face, a winsome, womanly manner, an intimate knowledge of stage technique, and, more than all else, to a big, sonorous voice. Mrs. Bowers has never been an intellectual, a scholarly player. Of that kind of excellence that made her two great contemporaries, Forrest and Cushman, great; of that kind of excellence without which no one can achieve greatness on the stage, she has none. Mrs. Bowers has none of that acumen that enables its possessor to discover subtleties of thought and then to make them appear in the utterance. She has always depended for her effects mainly on sound.

Instead of reading the language of the parts she has played in, instead of giving to the text of her parts that utterance that the sense demanded, Mrs. Bowers has simply ambled over the words with a rhythmical, undulating movement (of the art of properly distributing the time she knows nothing) and in a half-chanting tone, distributing the emphasis in a haphazard fashion, chiefly to the first vowels—sounds that occurred after each inhalation. This mode of delivery is destructive to effect because it renders it difficult for the listener to make out more than the drift of the thought, and because it rarely puts any realism into the actor's pathos and never any into his passion. In the tones of such players there can be no genuine intensity. As there is no intelligence behind such tones, there can be no soul in them. Mrs. Bowers is always automatic, always mechanical.

As evidence, as far as they go, of the correctness of my estimate of Mrs. Bowers as a dramatic artist, I cite a few of the false readings I noted while witnessing three of her personations during her recent engagement at the People's Theatre. The italics indicate the words that Mrs. Bowers made specially emphatic.

"I am not willing that he shall rob me of my money and my child, too."

According to this reading Mrs. Bowers is of opinion that Madame Croesus does not object to the Prince's becoming possessed of her money and child, but that she objects simply to his course of procedure. The truth is, Mrs. Bowers has not taken the trouble to have any opinion about it. Nor is it at all certain that because she expends her breath on rob one night that she will do likewise another night. Of course Mrs. Bowers knows as well as

another what the sentence means—it is so simple!—and she can't fail to see. If she will think just a little, that money, child and too are the words that naturally receive the stress in order to make the meaning clear; but she, like many another, doesn't think. She simply looks upon the words as so many targets to fire sound at; whether the sound hits in such a manner as to bring out the thought or not, is a matter that does not engage her attention. Her only care is to vary the tone with the view of avoiding monotony. If the reader occupies himself with the thought, the tone will generally take care of itself.

"I only ask you to reflect."

That is, I do not entreat or conjure you to reflect, I only ask you. Of course the emphatic word is reflect.

"My child's heart as well as her fortune."

Could anything be more brainless!

"Let the guilty wretch beware!"

Does the admonition lie in let or in beware?

In beware, I think. The word let gets more undeserved attention from automatic readers than any other word in the language.

"You will be a new comer in our house."

If it were a question of new comers and old comers, this emphasis would be correct. Otherwise—as in this instance—new comer should be treated as a compound word. If this was an endeavor to be right for once, it was a failure.

"He will treat us accordingly."

I can conceive of no context that would put the emphasis on treat, and I certainly heard none.

"But then I am childish in some things."

Nobody say—Lady Audley is not childish, which is the only reason there could be for emphasizing the verb.

"Such a compliment as that deserves recompense."

This reading might be correct, but it was not in this instance.

"Then and not till then shall I sleep in safety."

Of course safety and not sleep was the word to emphasize.

"If the struggle between us is to be to the death," etc.

Here the thought might put the stress on is, but it didn't; it put it on death.

"What is this man to me?"

Not so. Me is the word to emphasize.

"A scheme to bind your father closer to our cause."

Does anyone need to be told that closer is the word to emphasize?

"Regard me as your friend."

Many of Mrs. Bowers' readings can be accounted for only on the theory of utter mental emptiness.

"How my life passed in misery."

The Czarina complains not that her life passed, but that it passed in misery. How much these six words would gain in force if properly uttered!

"I wear the crown and I will wield the sceptre!"

This being Mrs. Bowers' last speech as Catherine in The Czarina, it is doubly desirable that she should produce all the effect with it possible. Neither wearing nor wielding has ever yet made any woman great or powerful.

If either or both did ever make women great there would be many great women, as there are many women that wear nightcaps and wield broomsticks. When, however, a woman has a crown to wear and a sceptre to wield, she is pretty sure to make a figure in the world.

The Czarina, by the way, like Madame Croesus, is a good drama to show rich gowns in; but it is good for little else.

These are by no means all of Mrs. Bowers' false readings I noticed—no, they are not even all I noted down; but I think they suffice to show that she is, to say the least, a very careless speaker of lines.

If Mrs. Bowers were herself careful and correct, she would hardly tolerate such slips as the following in the members of her company:

"You have only to watch and to guard."

Miss Fairbrother will appear to much better advantage if she emphasizes watch and guard.

We toilers cannot expect to rival these gentlemen of leisure."

Change toilers to gentlemen of toil and we do not change the sense, yet with this change Mr. Beach would hardly emphasize gentlemen.

Think a bit, Mr. Beach, and you will not make such mistakes as this.

"If I had only known this before!"

Not so, Mr. Beach. Emphasize before and your reading will be intelligent and the language intelligible.

"Let me go, man let me go!"

Beach again. The word go, not let, should receive the stress.

"The creature that I loved!"

Again Mr. Beach. Worse than this is not on record.

"Come to the home you have desecrated."

But here is its companion, for which we are also indebted to Mr. Beach.

"Oh, say yes!"

If Miss Fairbrother understands Clarice, in speaking these words, to persuade her interlocutor not to nod yes, but to speak yes, then her reading is correct. Miss Fairbrother should break herself of breathing audibly. No thing an actor can do is more unartistic and nothing is more offensive to those that know anything of the art of using the voice. Leave gasping to camp-meeting exhorters. True, there are some prominent people in the dramatic profession that take breath so that they can be heard all over the house, but that does not make the habit less disagreeable.

Miss Fairbrother and Miss Willett pronounce better than any of the other members of the Bowers organization. Miss Willett's pronunciation is exceptionally good, and Miss Fairbrother's may be equally good. I did not see enough of her to judge. They are correct, not only with their accents, but also with their vowel sounds.

Princess. In English this word is always accented on the first syllable. The ultimate accentuation is French.

Desist. Mrs. Bowers has no authority for sounding the s of this word like z.

Resignation. Nor has she for sounding the s of this word like z.

Disinterested. Mrs. Bowers should not accent the fourth, but the second syllable of this word. The e of the fourth syllable is not short, but obscure.

Interest. This verb Mrs. Bowers incorrectly accents on the last syllable.

Ruffian. Mrs. Bowers pronounces this word in three syllables. It is better to pronounce it in two.

Pretty. If Mr. Beach will consult his dictionary he will find that the e of this word is sounded like short i.

Resources. This word, as yet, is accented on the second syllable by the more careful speakers. Sooner or later, however, the accent will probably be shifted to the first.

Indisputable. Mr. Aveling, contrary to all

authority, accents this word on the third syllable.

Ally. This word is not accented on the first syllable, Mr. Aveling, but on the second.

Intrigued. Here Mr. Aveling misplaces the accent again. It is on the second syllable.

Pretext. This word is in the same condition with regard to its accent as resource.

Detestation. The first syllable of this word is not de, but det.

Transaction. Mr. Thompson has no authority for sounding the s of this word like z.

Betrothed. Making the s of this word long and the th soft is contrary to nearly all dictionary authority.

On a better acquaintance I found Mr. Aveling to be a better actor than I thought him. He is acquitting himself, in my judgment, in a highly creditable manner in his present position.

With Miss Willett I was much pleased. She looks well, dresses well, speaks naturally and reads intelligently.

Mr. Beach in his bearing is always actor-like. One thing I specially like in him—when he has nothing to do with his hands he does nothing with them. At such times he lets them take care of themselves; hence they never appear to be in the way.

As for Mr. Carl Ahrendt, he impressed me as being one of the very worst actors I have ever seen. He always appears to be so wretchedly uncomfortable that it makes one uncomfortable to look at him. If he will act, or try to act, why doesn't he, at the least, learn some of the rudiments of stage deportment? He should begin by learning to stand properly, and by breaking himself of the habit of continually putting one or both hands behind his back. His German accent is very noticeable and his pronunciation vulgar.

Catharine, for example, he pronounces Catharun. His utterance is so bad that I immediately put him down among the incorrigibles. To particularize his faults would be to waste time and to squander space.

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This theatre has twenty-six boxes and loges.

We have some open time. W. W. RANDALL is sole Agent.

You know where he has his headquarters, at 1215 Broadway. Consult for open time.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances over which we have no control, all dates made for the Murray Opera House, St. Paul, previous to Dec. 12, are cancelled. This is imperative, as the theatre will not be finished until that time.

All dates held good for Minneapolis; those who are booked for St. Paul can have later dates if desired, with full detail and will be the theatre of the city.

Prices, \$1.50, \$1.25, \$1.75, 50c.

Nothing but first-class attractions.

MURRAY

Opera House,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Located in the heart of the city. Will positively be

Dedicated December 12.

This theatre seats on the ground floor, 600; second floor, 1,000; is absolutely fire proof and first-class in every detail and will be the theatre of the city.

Prices, \$1.50, \$1.25, \$1.75, 50c.

Nothing but first-class attractions.

SACKETT & WIGGINS.

IMPORTANT LETTER TO THE PROFESSION.

NATIONAL PRINTING AND ENGRAVING CO.

119 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1887.

On September 21, 1887, the undersigned purchased of Mr. C. H. McConnell, and those associated with him, the plant and good will of the

National Printing and Engraving Co.

In assuming the management, we desire to notify all that we shall retain all the employees, with but few exceptions, and make some important additions to our working force, thereby placing the